

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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ITALIAN UNIFICATION.

The last act, or what appears to be such, in the great drama of Italian Unification, has resulted in the way almost everybody anticipated.

The popular vote—the plebiscitum, as it

is called—largely favored the consolidation of Rome and the remaining Papal territory with the Italian nation. The submission of the question to the people—a good practice, though not always rightly appreciated, as shown by the way the French millions voted for Louis Napoleon's policy no longer ago than the 15th

of May—was deemed advisable by the Italian Government before taking possession of Rome as the National Capital. The vote, cast without coercion, is certainly decided enough—almost unanimous.

It is now certain that modern progress will have a fair chance in improving the Eternal

City and its surrounding territory. Italy has been improving of late years, more than most people imagine; and, now that it is freed from political connections with Louis Napoleon and the Pope—with Rome for its capital and Papal political power no longer a dead-weight on its progress—the aspirations of Italian patriotism



FRANCE.—AN INCIDENT IN THE SIEGE OF PARIS—DISPATCHING A BILLET-DOUX BY A CARRIER-PIGEON TO A SOLDIER IN THE FRENCH ARMY AT TOURS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL FRENCH ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 103.

through long ages seem in a fair way for being measurably realized.

In questioning whether this Roman denouement is really the last act in Italian Unity, as we did at the beginning of this article, we are influenced by appearances concerning the provinces of Nice and Savoy. Of course, every intelligent reader knows how cunningly Louis Napoleon obtained these provinces—as payment for his disinterested services in helping Italy against Austria. Although great good resulted to Italy from his aid in that all-important emergency—for, by it chiefly, Sardinia was transformed into the "Kingdom of Italy"—the loss of Nice and Savoy was and is felt uncomfortably by the Italians—especially by the King, whose family takes its name (the House of Savoy) from its old dominance in one of those provinces. It seems, therefore, not altogether improbable that, under the altered circumstances of the times, the movements made in and concerning Nice and Savoy, since the downfall of the French Emperor, may ere long result in the reannexation of those provinces to the Italian Kingdom. Hence, it is hardly well as yet to speak of the Roman movement as the last act in the great work of Italian Unification.

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337 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice.

To our subscribers in Texas. Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

MADHOUSES—PRIVATE AND PUBLIC.

One class of unfortunates deserves far more attention than is commonly bestowed on it among our people. Persons afflicted with insanity, or charged with that infirmity, have not now the ample safeguards which ought to exist in every State. With all our benevolent arrangements, public and private, for relieving sufferers, the provisions concerning the insane are yet lamentably defective.

That form of disease which requires profoundest attention, and which permits and invites the greatest amount of wrong toward the sufferers, is precisely the one for which our legislation and subordinate arrangements have hitherto been most defective. The facility with which persons charged with insanity may be incarcerated in private "madhouses" is an invitation or temptation to seize this method of removing persons whose presence annoys wretches desirous of plundering their property or otherwise profiting by the outrage. The memory of every reader can probably recall some cases wherein startling revelations were made respecting alleged wrongs inflicted on persons summarily swept from society into "private insane asylums." Ambition, anger, jealousy, avarice, and other unworthy motives, are occasionally alleged as incentives in hurrying persons to the living death of the "madhouse," if we may believe the testimony wrung from investigations that sometimes shock the community, when friends of the sufferers challenge examination of particular cases.

State, county and city authorities, in different parts of the Union, are doing much now for the class that has been so long subjected to barbarous treatment—treatment that, not many years ago, partook something of a demonic character, in more than one respect; for ignorance, viewing insanity as an emanation of the Evil One, treated it too generally in an infernal way.

The State of New York is now establishing additional large institutions in this line of beneficence. The urgency of the worthy managers of the State Asylum at Utica has quickened those good movements. One of these new State institutions is being erected at Buffalo, and another at Poughkeepsie. Another is now in operation at Ovid, in the pleasant region between Cayuga and Seneca Lakes—the treatment in which is somewhat different from that recognized for the other asylums. These four great institutions, when all operating fully, may well be expected to exert much influence in promoting reform in the specialty for which they are endowed. The good work will doubtless be much aided by the Homeopathic Insane Hospital, which the disciples of Hahnemann are about establishing at Middletown, in Orange County, and for which the Legislature has made a liberal donation, conditioned on the friends of the

project carrying out their enterprise. (This project, by-the-by, may well be watched with peculiar interest—from the desire to see how the homeopathic system will operate in a specialty that has taxed the skill of the medical profession, in all its sects, through all ages). Cities and counties, through the State, are also co-operating in this good work, with a spirit that indicates much more liberality when the treatment of the insane is further reduced to system. It is to be hoped that the large Insane Asylum which the corporation of New York is now establishing will combine a full representation of the good points observable in the results of operations in similar institutions, not only in this country, but also in Europe—not overlooking the remarkable results of the humane treatment of the insane at Gheel, in Holland.

Some other States have shown a spirit akin to that manifested by New York in these respects; but most of the States are far more deficient, and much less energetic in the work of improvement. The approaching sessions of Legislatures will afford ample opportunity for a united movement of the friends of reform in all parts of the Union; and we trust that in every Legislature some benevolent members will early introduce provisions for speedy improvements. The Governors of the several States can give a strong impulse in this movement, by mentioning the matter in their respective annual messages.

We return now to a point named particularly in the beginning of this article. Immediate provision should be made in this and every State for frequent inspection of all private insane asylums, by certain public officers—so that no person may be kept imprisoned unjustly. Every honorable keeper of a private institution of this kind would, of course, rejoice to have his premises and treatment examined fully and often—as the goodness of his asylum could thereby be made fully known to the whole community—so that people who are rich enough to pay for treatment of patients in private asylums can know well where to send their afflicted friends. This provision would soon cause the correction of any raciality in sending persons to such asylums, or in detaining them therein; for, even if two holders of medical diplomas should be base enough to collude with another party in sending a person unjustly to a madhouse (as is occasionally charged), the case would soon be examined—especially if, as ought to be the rule, notice be given to some public officer whenever any person is committed to a private insane asylum. No person should be put in these "madhouses," except under the most rigid rules. Some good legislation on these points was proposed in a bill offered at the last session of the New York Legislature, but was smothered amid the pressure of matters probably more profitable to members of that honorable body, if not to the public. Let us hope for better results at the next session.

THE SIGNS IN BRITISH AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA.

The work of disintegration is steadily progressing in a way foreshadowing the speedy disruption of the most extended empire that was ever swayed by one monarch or people.

The leading topics of Australian discussion now relate to the best mode of organizing that "fifth quarter of the globe" into a confederacy that may be harmonious and self-sustaining, in view of its independence of Great Britain. About this there is no concealment—why should there be? British statesmen have for several years been showing their wisdom by encouraging rather than repressing such aspirations for self-government and independence among the powerful colonies that have sprung into being under the British flag.

We need only look across the border to see how similar circumstances are working in the British-American Empire. Between the Atlantic and Pacific—along the whole vast stretch of territory between Newfoundland and Vancouveria—what one subject now engrosses attention equally from the inhabitants everywhere? Independence of Great Britain—that is the leading question, leaving it to the future, a not distant future, to determine whether that act shall be followed by the creation of a separate nationality, or by annexation to the United States. Examine the papers of any and all sections and parties through all that vast expanse of territory, and to this complexion it comes at last. What wonderful changes a few years have produced! Only about thirty years ago the red-coats, under Sir Francis Bond Head, were hanging and shooting Canadians for daring to talk of independence; and some of the prominent men of that region and period, such as William L. Mackenzie, John G. Parker, and Marshal S. Bidwell—the two latter yet living and highly respected in New York—seemingly thought the United States preferable, on the score of longevity, for persons holding their political opinions.

People in other lands, who suppose that the

citizens of the United States are always filibustering for more territory, might be cured of the delusion by seeing how the current British-American discussions are generally viewed on this side of the line between the New Dominion and the United States. While there are hearty wishes for the prosperity of our Northern neighbors, whether they become independent or continue nominally connected with the Mother Country, they will find few American citizens who will trouble them with urgent applications on the subject, however willing to receive them, perhaps, when (if ever) it shall be their clearly expressed wish to become part and parcel of our nation, with equal rights in its government.

As Great Britain could not now defend her wide-spread possessions in case of war, and as she will profit by their commerce after as well as before they become independent, British statesmen may well persevere in the liberal policy adopted of late years with reference to the colonies—stimulating them to self-government as prerequisite for absolute independence. The signs in all the colonies of Australia and British America emphatically sustain the views we expressed several months ago about the "Disintegration of the British Empire." Nothing in the history of that country will hereafter reflect more credit on its wisdom than its present enlightened and systematic preparation of its mightiest colonies for assuming proper positions among the prominent nations. One of the leading British Reviews devotes a labored article to combating the tendencies of the Government in these all-important matters, urging the retention of the colonies to the last. But this is rebelling against fate. The die is cast.

VIRTUAL BREAK-UP OF THE BLOCKADE.

The resumption of navigation by the German steamers between New York and Europe is one of the cheering signs of the times. As the French fleets were withdrawn from blockading the German ports early last month, it was particularly annoying that the presence of some French gunboats on our coast should operate to prevent, as it did for awhile prevent, the departure of German vessels from our harbors, where they have lain idly and expensively since the beginning of the Franco-German war.

The Bremen steamer America led off in this revival of commerce on the 8th inst. Though two French gunboats were in New York harbor as she went to sea, neither started to follow; and, indeed, neither of them dared to do so—though one of them got up steam, apparently for the purpose—as the proclamation of President Grant, for enforcing the Neutrality Law, issued that morning, forbade any armed vessel of either belligerent power from going to sea for at least twenty-four hours after the departure of any ship of the opposite nation. It would not require more than two or three hours' start to enable the fleet merchant steamers to "show their heels" at safe distance ahead of their warlike pursuers; and, with a whole day to "make tracks," they would be far beyond reach of any war-ships leaving our harbors in chase.

The President's Proclamation came not an hour too soon. Under its provisions, little danger need be apprehended for any German steamer that now leaves our ports; for the departure of each vessel will be so timed as to secure a fair chance for safety—the day of sailing not being previously designated with such accuracy as to enable any French gunboats to go out of the harbor in advance so as to intercept the sea-going steamer.

This is a great point for the thousands of business-men and employés, who have suffered severely from the sudden interruption of trade—suffering in ways for which no atonement can be made. Germany will demand from France some atonement for the commercial as well as other wrongs inflicted by this unprovoked war—so far, at least, as concerns compensation for vessels destroyed or thrown temporarily out of employment; but, unfortunately, no reparation will reach most of the multitude, in America as well as in Europe, who suffered in various ways from the cessation of business intercourse in the large trade between the United States and Germany. However, let us be thankful that matters have improved even so far, and hope for a speedy return of the day when our intercourse with the belligerent nations will be restored fully to its former condition.

ABOLITION OF FRANKING AND REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

The failure to pass the bill for abolishing the Franking Privilege was one of the most inexcusable defects in the proceedings of the last session of Congress. If there is any one measure on which public opinion is concentrated more strongly than another, that one is the "privilege" which enables Congressmen to lumber the mails with an immense amount of stuff valueless to the people, and retarding

further improvement in our Postal System. With this abuse corrected, the way would be opened for reforms permitting a reduction of postage to one-third of its present rate.

Indebted as we are to Great Britain for example in facilitating correspondence by reducing the cost of postage, we failed in emulating the British policy concerning "dead-heads." Our law-makers prized too highly the power and profit of "Franking," to abolish that feature when otherwise measurably popularizing our Postal System. The British authorities, high and low, were deprived of the Franking Privilege by the same law that reduced the rates of postage to almost the lowest practicable point consistent with a self-sustaining power in their Postal Department. The Queen herself is divested of this power, and has to "stamp" her letters like "all the rest of mankind" within her dominions.

Warning was fairly given during the last session of Congress, that, if the bill for abolishing the odious feature failed to become a law before the adjournment, appeal would be made to the ballot-box for promoting the desired reform. Pursuant to this notice, many friends of a Reform Policy will question candidates for Congress in different States, so that it shall be known whether any one asking their votes is opposed to legislating as the people desire in this important matter. It is to be hoped that candidates will be everywhere questioned, and compelled to place themselves on record for or against the proposed reform. If popular opinion shall be promptly manifested by rejecting candidates who will not pledge themselves to abolish the Franking Privilege and reduce the postal rates, the success of the movement at the next session may be reasonably expected. Congressmen who have shirked their duty heretofore will be compelled to show their colors, and to abide the result of popular indignation at future elections if they fail to abolish the Franking Privilege during the next session, even though they should not reduce the cost of postage.

Privileges and perquisites should be everywhere abolished—leaving the compensation of public officers fixed and certain: for experience shows that privileges are too generally abused even by many public officers who wish to pass for honest men among their fellow-citizens.

THE CLERGY OF FRANCE.—It is stated—in a recent dispatch dated at Tours, France—that the clergy have declined to act in concert with Garibaldi, preferring the final success of the German arms to any possible advantage the nation could gain from his military knowledge or heroism. Garibaldi, it is true, is not a friend of the Papacy—that is, of the temporal powers which the Ultramontane party in the Catholic Church have insisted should, equally with spiritual, be confided to the Supreme Pontiff; but his opposition has never gone beyond this. And now that his great political desire has been consummated by the annexation of the Roman States to the Kingdom of Italy, and that in the quietest possible way, there should be no further animosity entertained or displayed against an old but yet powerful man, whose only desire is to benefit France—to assist in driving from her bosom the great enemy that is gradually undermining her strength and destroying her life. The French clergy, for the most part, are well-educated, observant, patriotic men, and we question if their declination to serve with Garibaldi is so decided as the dispatch from Tours would have us believe.

NATURALIZATION TREATIES.—Very recently our Minister near the Court of Vienna, under the instruction of Secretary of State Fish, concluded a "naturalization treaty" with the Austrian Government, similar in terms to those which were established last year with the Governments of Prussia, England, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg. The treaty secures to Austrian-born subjects who may be naturalized as American citizens the same rights, privileges, and immunities on Austrian soil as belong to native-born American citizens. The principle involved is not only just in itself, but may at any time become of great practical importance—for example, during the progress of such a war as that now raging between France and Prussia. Our Government has been for two years engaged in trying to secure the recognition of this principle by all the Governments of Europe. It has thus far met with remarkable success.

THE "WANTS OF THE PEOPLE."—At a recent meeting of residents—held in the upper part of the city—called to consider the best, quickest, and cheapest mode of transit that with safety could be adopted in order that persons residing at the northern end of the island may reach the business districts, the gentlemen called to preside over its deliberations, in the course of some remarks, declared that the wants of the people included the completion of the Boulevard, rapid transit from one end of the city to the other, under-drains beneath the sewers, free hydrants for Croton water, and the com-

pletion of the surroundings of Central Park. The meeting then adjourned until the first Wednesday in November.

SLEEP, ITS USES AND ABUSES.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

No. I.

"O MAGIC sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of mind
Till it is hushed and smooth!" —Keats.

"Sleep—gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness." —Shakespeare.

The poets have indeed said much and well respecting sleep—the only realm on earth where men are equal—where the poorest may have kingly, ay, angelic visitors; may dwell in supernal realms and be clothed in the gossamer fabric of the rainbow; where all wants are gratified, and in dreams we soar into an empyrean even beyond the heavens. But if the poets can portray the delights of sleep, the physician can produce the reality which they vainly seek to describe in the feeble language of the mundane sphere above which sleep soars.

Sleep is not only the solace of all woes, but it is the cradle of power, strength, the main supporter of life, and the invigorating source to which all nature goes for relief. It is the only bodily refreshing that does not carry with it something of degradation and a sense of abasement. The emperor, in regal pride, who dines in state, confesses to a human nature when, like ordinary subjects, he takes his necessitated food; and the delicate maiden unwittingly confesses that such an ethereal nature is yet subjected to the demands of appetite. Neither would willingly be portrayed by the limner's cunning art engaged in the degrading employment of eating and drinking; yet each would gladly be perpetuated, in the purity of marble or on the glowing canvas, wrapt in peaceful slumbers, beyond the rule of earth, and yet falling short of heaven.

Sleep may be considered by poets—just as they please, as

"The twin sister of death,"

or

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep,"

or as

"The innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath;
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;"

but the physician, a less imaginative descendant of Apollo, considers sleep only as a natural or unnatural visitor, bringing relief to mortals in here below.

The new-born child spends the greater portion of its time in profound sleep, broken only by brief intervals of wakefulness, almost entirely devoted to the bodily necessities. Any inability to sleep is considered as an evidence of some lurking and unrecognized disease.

With advancing years a less prolonged but still as necessitous sleep follows hard upon the occupations of the wearisome day, and bringing in its train relief and strengthening. There is great diversity in the quantity of sleep required by different individuals. The late Dr. Francis, for many years of his later life, was sufficiently refreshed by three or four hours' sleep; usually the former number sufficed. Most adults require seven or eight hours, but this depends upon the mental character of the person and his employment. The day-laborer, engaged in toilsome work, requires prolonged bodily rest, of which sleep may or not be present, while the man actively employing his brain requires no more rest than is accompanied with sleep. Growing children, or hard students, require very prolonged sleep to refresh the brain, overtaxed by exhausting exertion.

I have adopted a rule in regard to the sleep of children. I send them to bed at a certain hour, for a week. If, during that time, they have awakened at too early an hour, I permit them to retire a half-hour later, until the time is so gauged that they awake from a sufficiency of sleep at the required hour without being called.

Sleep is especially requisite for the young, and its length should not be curtailed for any reason, as its deprivation will inevitably result in disease of a serious nature. A healthy child cannot sleep too much, and any prolonged period required only shows that the exhaustion of the mental powers demand the supplementation of a prolonged rest. Children very rarely are disturbed in their rest, and then almost always from some irritation of the stomach and bowels—flatulency, the result of eating too much, or at improper hours, and too little exercise in connection with it. The want of sleep in children is of rare occurrence, and when noticed by the parent, it should be brought under proper medical attendance, and the cause of the difficulty inquired into carefully, and relieved, if possible.

The inability of adults to sleep is more important. If there is any marked reason for the insomnia, as watching the sick, or sudden mental disquietude, there is less call for alarm. But when a continued mental anxiety for a long period has driven "sleep from the eyes, and slumber from the eyelids," such as is often noticed among business men in seasons of great financial disturbances, there is threatening disease, danger of some cerebral inflammatory action, or more serious disorganization, that may destroy the intellect.

Want of sleep is rarely noticed in the young. Their mental disquietudes are of a very temporary nature. They have none of that

"Golden care,
That keep'st the portals of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night,"

for, "pleased with a rattie, tickled with a

straw," their griefs and worries are easily assuaged. Children usually fall short in the quantity of sleep, for the active limbs require rest, and the expanding frame a time of quiet, when the aggregated particles requisite for growth may have time to be deposited in place, crystallize, and become one flesh. I do not believe that children can have too much sleep, especially the thin, nervous children of cities, where the strain upon the intellect and senses is so constant and excessive. It is with great reluctance that I would awake a child from a profound slumber. If it was deemed important that one should rise at a specified hour for breakfast, for school, for any employment, and day after day the child required awaking, and then showed that still more sleep was desirable, no matter how long it had been kept up, I would send the child to bed a half hour earlier every night, until the requisite quantum was supplied.

The American people, whether on account of the climate, the activity and energetic nature resulting from the mingled races from which it is composed, or the effects of political and religious liberty, and the freedom of its institutions, giving full range to ambition and reward to enterprise and labor—whatever may be the cause, the Americans are the most nervous people in the world. Other nations are temporarily more excitable, others more doggedly persistent, but the inhabitants of the Western Continent in the North combine a most wonderful enthusiasm with the most adherent pertinacity. They do not walk, but run, and decision follows prompt upon inception.

These peculiar elements of nervous energy, long recognized as existing and forming one of the most conspicuous characteristics of the new people called Americans, have not been adequately considered in their hygienic and physical aspects. True, some writers and superficial thinkers have sought to connect this nervous excitability with the thin and angular figures of the people generally, their want of adipose material and glandular development, while others have ascribed these physical peculiarities rather to the influence of the extremes of temperature and absence of humidity characteristic of the country.

In this connection it is requisite only to recognize the general peculiarities of disposition and temper, just referred to, and to use such prophylactic methods of relief as shall best conduce to avert any excess which may be particularly detrimental to special individuals. I consider that sleep is among the most important of these means of allaying nervous irritability. Children, as I have already dictatorially advised, should be encouraged in this natural instinctive quiescence.

And here I will mention that in cases of illness, unless special directions are given, no one, young or old, should be awakened for the purpose of giving medicines; and if they are to be administered at any regular specific periods and the patient should chance to be asleep, they should be given immediately afterward upon awaking, and the period for the next dose should be the prescribed number of hours after this administration, thus commencing from a new starting-point.

Again, I have sometimes noticed, in most persons seriously ill, and more frequently from some fall or other injury about the head, that the attendants think it very important to awaken them at certain intervals, with the idea that "such continued sleep was debilitating." This should not be done unless by express direction from the attending surgeons. Sleep is itself one of the grandest alleviators of suffering and restorers of health, and it should not be ignorantly interfered with. Sleep differs greatly in degree, as well as in duration. Children are apt to sleep profoundly. Ordinary sounds do not awaken them, and they even can endure some slight operations, like piercing the ears and vaccination, without being aroused. So profound is the slumber that the sphincters of the emunctories of the skin are relaxed, and profuse perspiration bedews the pillow. There is also entire prostration of the muscular energies, and advantage is taken of this fact to test the statements made by conscripts desirous of avoiding military duty, and old soldiers to be invalidated on account of certain rheumatic and other stiffnesses which prevent their efficiently moving a limb. The relaxation produced by sleep fully shows the sham endeavors to be passed off.

Some seem to find in sleep little rest but of the muscles, for the active mind is filled with visions of dreamy imagining, and in many of these the muscles act in conformity to the mental desires. Such uneasy sleep finds one awakening after a night as mentally worn as if engaged in the active labors of the day. There has been no rest to the brain, whose futile labors have exhausted its energies as fully as if employed upon some productive work.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Return of Soldiers who Escaped from Sedan—Third Regiment of Zouaves.

The deserted and monotonous aspect of the streets of the beleaguered city of Paris was enlivened unexpectedly, a few weeks since, by the passage through them of a body of soldiers of MacMahon's army, who were so fortunate as to escape, by a bold dash, through the enemy's lines, and after much suffering and privation, and many surprises from detached squadrons of Prussian Uhlans, arrived safely at Paris, where they were enthusiastically received by the populace, who were eager to hear from their lips the story of the battle which gave the final blow to the already tottering Empire. They were dirty, dusty, and fatigued, but every soldier was the centre of a group who listened to his answers to their numerous and incoherent queries with avidity, disputing with one another who should have the place nearest him. A lieutenant of the Third Zouaves was a great point of attraction. His overcoat was riddled with bullet-

holes, and his side-bag had a hole in it into which a juvenile Parisian thrust his hand with great glee. A bullet had whizzed by his right ear, describing a curve over it by cutting his hair close to his head as though it had been clipped by a skillful tonsor. This man must have borne a charmed life. We give also an illustration depicting their desperate attack upon the Prussian rank and file, in which they displayed the utmost daring and heroism, fighting against an enemy numerically their superior, and posted advantageously behind breastworks, from which they constantly poured a galling fire upon the gallant Frenchmen, who triumphed over every obstacle, and yet live to display again the same patriotism in the defense of their own homes, in presence of their friends and families, that they did upon the disastrous battle-field of Sedan.

The Spahis or Mounted Arabs Leaving Paris for the Outworks.

We reproduce, in our "Illustrated Pictorial Spirit of the European Press," this week, from a Parisian paper, an illustration representing the departure for the outworks or bastions, just outside the inner line of fortifications, of a body of mounted Spahis, a kind of light cavalry, accompanied by an enthusiastic crowd of men, women and children, mingled in indescribable confusion, who cheered them until their flowing banners and glittering arms disappeared in the distance amid a cloud of dust. A portion of them were disbanded and distributed in the outworks, while the remainder proceeded further on beyond the forts, where they will act as skirmishers, give notice of the approach of the enemy, interrupt communication, harass the line of the enemy, destroy provisions and ammunition, and do other things calculated to drive the quiet Dutchmen to despair.

French Soldiers Tearing the Eagle from their Shako.

By the time the Republic was declared at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, scarcely a soldier was to be seen with the eagle on his shako. How the repudiation of the Napoleonic "bird of victory" came about was this: While the crowds in the street were shouting for the *dechéance* of the Emperor and the proclamation of the Republic, a man in a blouse went up to a soldier who was quietly looking on, and, pointing to the eagle on his shako, asked him if he was not ashamed to wear the badge of the tyrant; whereupon the soldier instantly tore the hated emblem from his shako, threw it upon the ground, and trod upon it. The example was instantly followed. "Off with the eagles!" was shouted everywhere, and everywhere the caps of the military, of all grades and all branches of the service, were in a moment stripped of their eagles, which were scattered in the mud and spurned beneath the heels of the mob. By the time the "Committee for National Defense" had been nominated at the Hotel de Ville, not an eagle was to be seen. The portraits of the Emperor and Empress, and the imperial arms displayed over shops and other establishments, were treated in like manner, and subjected to like indignity.

The Hospital at Souz.

Immediately upon the close of the great battle of Woeith, fought on the 6th of August—one of a series of engagements which forced the soldiers of France back to the Moselle River, thus surrendering entire control over the Vosges—it was found absolutely essential to the safety of the wounded, in consequence of the excessive rains, that they should be placed under cover. An order was immediately issued for the erection of hospitals, and in a few days quite a town appeared in the valley near the village of Souz, composed of hospital-sheds, that were comfortable while at the same time they were thoroughly ventilated. Here the Prussians and Bavarians, wounded in battle, were removed, and assiduously nursed until they were either returned "convalescent" to the ranks, or to their homes, dismissed from further service as "incapables."

The Battle of Mounzon.

This engagement, in connection with one fought a short distance to the southward at the village of Carignan, in the valley of the Meuse, on the same day (August 30), and which resulted in favor of the Prussians, had a most disastrous effect on the morale of the French soldiery. It led the way to the still greater victory of Sedan, fought on September 1st, which, with one terrible blow, felled the Empire to the ground, by compelling the surrender of Napoleon as prisoner of war, and the capitulation of MacMahon's really magnificent but badly handled army. The result of the engagements of the 30th of August were of such a character that, even if Sedan had not followed upon their heels, they would have been severely felt, and, in all human probability, have destroyed the government of Napoleon. The material results of the battle at Mounzon were the deprivation of the French of all roads leading from Sedan to the south; nearly four thousand prisoners, twenty guns, and seven or eight mitrailleuses.

Monks of St. Dominick Carrying the Wounded to Hospital.

The engraving illustrates a scene witnessed by an artist-correspondent of the London *Graphic* at the close of the terrible battle of Sedan. A company of Dominicans, residing at the monastery of their order, in that city, putting aside their usual habit of life, obtained stretchers and carriages, and seeking the wounded, without respect to the country they came from or the religion they professed, carried them with the tenderest care to the hospitals which the German generals and the authorities of Sedan had authorized to be opened for the reception of the French equally with the Prussian and Bavarian troops.

Passage of the Emperor Napoleon through the Battle-field of Sedan on his way to Wilhelmshöhe, Cassel.

Napoleon chose his own itinerary from Sedan to Wilhelmshöhe through Belgium, permission having been granted him by King William to travel through Germany, England or Belgium. The journey was made in his own carriage, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by his staff officers, his family physician, Dr. Conneau, and personal friends and relations, among them Prince Murat. His household servants, goods and chattels followed him, as also a portion of the imperial stud, which was a very valuable one. On leaving the town of Sedan their road lay through the battle field where so many of his brave soldiers lay stretched, in the prime of life, in all the ghastliness of a dreadful death, on the gory plain. Eye-witnesses say that the Emperor was visibly affected at the sight of so many dead bodies, many of them being personally known to him, and tears stood in his eyes as memory recalled some touching instance of heroism. The passage was enlivened by no incident

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME DE BARRI, a pupil of Thalberg, has arrived from Europe.

JOHN E. OWENS filled engagements in Central New York last week.

NILSSON's first concerts in Boston will occur on the 4th, 8th, and 7th of November.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is meeting with favorable receptions during her tour of the States.

At Salvador, in Central America, the Theatre of the Union is being constructed by the Government.

LUCILLE WESTERN appeared at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 17th, for a short season.

"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET" was brought out at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N.Y., last week, Mrs. Bowers appearing.

WEHLI has left the Nilsson Troupe, and Miss Mehlig succeeds him as pianist. He is traveling with Miss Kellogg's troupe.

LYDIA THOMPSON commenced a brief season at Wood's Museum, New York, October 17, "Lurline" being the first burlesque.

The youthful Signor Ettore Mariotti has finished an opera entitled "Fedra," which is shortly to be brought out in Venice.

LAST Monday, Edwin Adams began an engagement at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N.Y., opening with "Enoch Arden."

THE Shakespeare Club, of Cincinnati, commenced their fall season on Tuesday evening, October 18th, with the "School for Scandal."

"RIP RAP," Boucicault's latest production, will be presented for the first time on the American stage, on November 14th, at Niblo's Garden.

THE opening of the Globe Theatre, Boston, has been followed by successful results. A great variety of entertainments is promised for the season.

THE Wortell Sisters have not succeeded in making their lease of the Adelphi Theatre, Boston, a paying enterprise, and the house has been closed.

M. MARIE, one of the most successful performers during the season of Opera Bouffe at the London Lyceum, was among those killed before Metz.

MILE. LANNER's troupe, which occupied the Grand Opera House, New York, during the past summer, are making the professional tour of Pennsylvania.

In Berlin, the Royal Opera House, closed for some time on account of the war, was reopened on the 30th of August, with the "Barber of Seville."

In November an opera, by Johann Strauss, the prince of waltz-writers, entitled "All Baba," is to be brought out at Vienna; the libretto by Herr O. F. Berg.

THE singing societies of many German cities are giving concerts for the benefit of Carl Wilhelm, the composer of the famous war-song, "Wacht am Rhein."

THE opening of the new Metropolitan Theatre, in Sacramento, Cal., under the management of Mr. Joseph Proctor, has been attended with marked success.

"MAN AND WIFE" was brought out on the 10th at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the first time, and was furnished with new scenery and appointments.

MISS ROSE HERSEE, in ten months, has traveled over fifteen thousand miles, and has sung one hundred and forty-eight times in opera, besides occasional concerts.

VIVIAN, the vocalist, sails for England on November 1st, to be absent about four weeks. Returning to this country, he opens at Fox's New Theatre, Philadelphia, for one month.

MRS. MACREADY, who has won considerable reputation as a reader, and who is a niece of the tragedian of the same name, has returned after an absence of ten years from America.

JOHN S. CLARKE made his appearance, for the first time in four years, in Philadelphia, on the 17th, taking the Walnut Street Theatre, and appearing in "The Heir at Law" and the immortal "Toodles."

J. K. EMMET played Fritz at Roberts's Opera House, Hartford, Conn., to large and delighted audiences on October 3d and 4th. With one or two exceptions the support was as good as could be desired.

"MAN AND WIFE" is announced for continued representation at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The demands for seats to witness it has been so great that no interruption in the success of this play will take place at present.

At the cheerful little theatre known as the Amateurs' Drawing-Room, Philadelphia, a fine musical entertainment was given October 7th, Offenbach's comic opera, "The Prima Donna for a Night," being the chief attraction.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON's hold on public interest seems to increase with age. The audiences at Booth's Theatre, where "Rip Van Winkle" smiles, swears off, and drinks again, show no diminution in point of numbers or satisfaction.

THE English Opera Troupe, combining all the favorites of Parepa-Rosa's late company with those of Miss Richings, will shortly appear at Niblo's Theatre, New York. The troupe are now enjoying a remarkable success in Chicago.

FANNY JANAUSSCHEK has drawn large audiences to the Academy of Music, New York, since her appearance in English drama. Her "Mary Stuart" and "Deborah" were rendered with a power and tenderness that elicited the highest praise.

LOTTA appeared at Niblo's Theatre, New York, last week, in the character of Little Nell, in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Her interpretation of the part of Sam Willoughby, in the "Ticket of Leave Man," during the week previous, was a very clever performance.

THE Kiralfy Ballet and Pantomime Troupe, at Wood's Museum last week, drew good houses, and appeared in a series of decidedly interesting performances. The pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty, Jr.," in which the Saxon infant ballet troupe took part, passed off very pleasantly, considering the extreme youthfulness of the performers.

THE pantomime of "Wee Willie Winkie," now being exhibited at the Olympic, New York, is by far the most laughable and interesting entertainment hitherto produced at this house. It is divided into two acts, and the powers of the genial George L. Fox and his talented company have abundant opportunity of display in twenty-two rich scenes. The piece is destined to have a long and successful run.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 99.



FRANCE.—THE THIRD REGIMENT OF EOUAVES, UPON REFUSING THE TERMS OF CAPITULATION AT SEDAN, MAKE AN EFFORT TO BREAK THROUGH THE PRUSSIAN LINES.



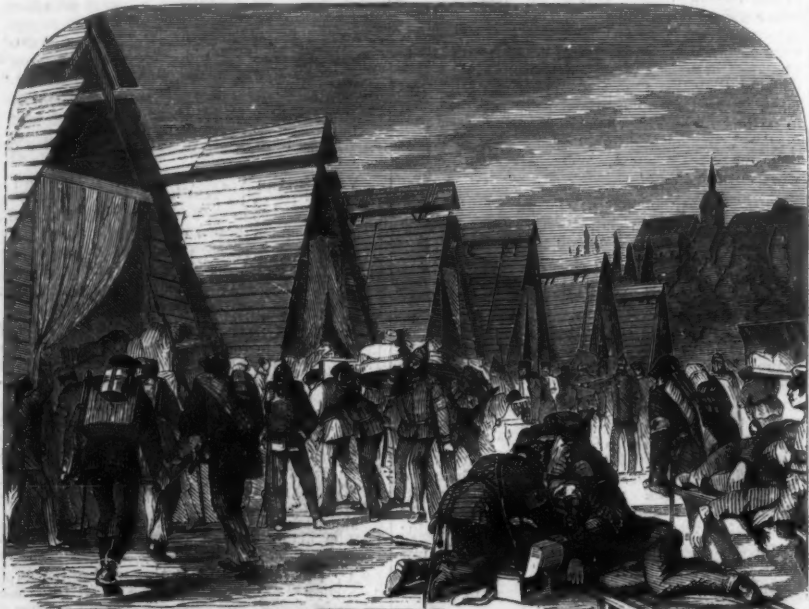
FRANCE.—THE SPAHIS (MOUNTED ARABS) ON THEIR WAY TO THE OUTER FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS, THERE TO ACT AS FREE-SHOOTERS.



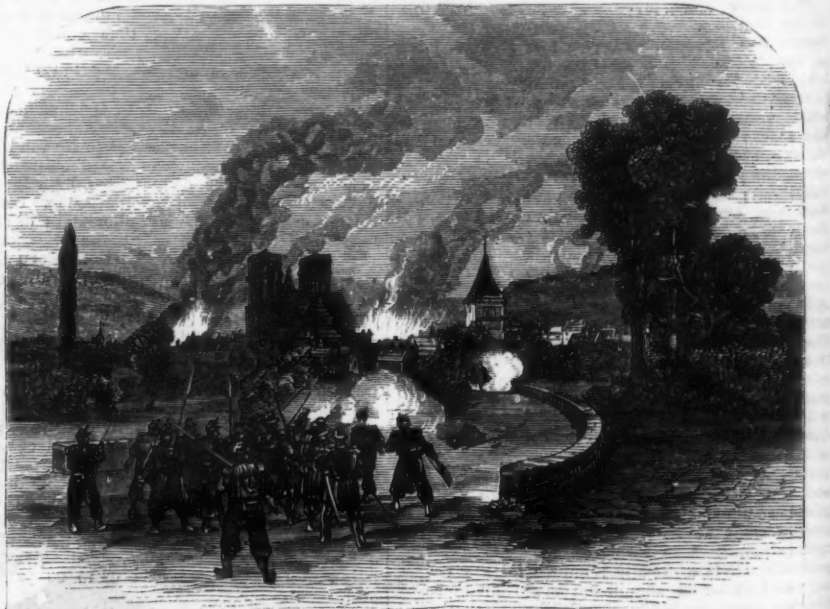
FRANCE.—THE RETURN AND RECEPTION IN PARIS, BY THE POPULACE, OF SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.



FRANCE.—SCENE IN THE STREETS OF PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REPUBLIC—SOLDIERS TEARING THE EAGLE FROM THEIR SHAKOS.



FRANCE.—THE CAMP OF THE SEVERELY WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF WEISSENBURG, NEAR THE VILLAGE OF SOULT.



FRANCE.—THE ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE OF MOUZON BY THE PRUSSIANS ON THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.



FRANCE.—BROTHERS OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINICK CARRYING THE WOUNDED TO HOSPITAL FROM THE FIELD OF SEDAN.



FRANCE.—NAPOLEON III. PASSING THROUGH THE FIELD OF SEDAN, ON HIS WAY FROM BELLEVUE TO BOUILLON, BELGIUM.



THE CHATEAU OF BELLEVUE, WHERE THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA CONFERRED, SUBSEQUENT TO THE CAPITULATION OF SEDAN.

CHATEAU OF BELLEVUE.

THE Chateau of Bellevue, in which King William held his memorable interview with Napoleon, after the capitulation at Sedan, will become, from that cause, a point of historical interest.

The castle is an antiquated mansion, built in the Gothic style, with spacious rooms and lofty ceilings, standing in the midst of the grounds belonging to the manor. The garden in front is evenly laid out in walks, with ornamental rows of flowers and shrubs of different kinds, bearing evident traces of neglect. A large stone fountain threw up, spasmodically, a stream of water. The rooms have long been unused, and were dusty—the corners of the ceiling hung with cobwebs. In the principal room, which had formerly been used as a parlor, were a few pieces of furniture, consisting of a table, several chairs, a sofa, and a desk. The floor was bare, save a small portion before the fireplace, which was covered with a rug. Upon the mantel-piece were two broken vases with geraniums in them. The interview took place on the morning of the 1st of September. The imperial carriage drove up to the door, and the Emperor, having extinguished his cigar, alighted and entered alone into the cheerless apartment, where King William, in general's uniform, with his helmet on, was walking up and down in a feverish state, his hands crossed behind. The Crown-Prince and staff officers formed a group in the background. The ex-Emperor took off his hat and saluted the King, using the German language. William did not reply, but advanced a few steps, standing erect, stiff, and terrible in front of Napoleon, who remained bareheaded, with his head slightly inclined. "Sire," he said, still in German, "I come to repeat to your majesty *viva voce* what I had the honor of writing to you yesterday evening."

"It is well, sir," replied the King, whose color was considerably heightened, while his voice had a whistling sound, owing to the efforts he made to restrain himself; "I have decided that Wilhelmshöhe shall be your future residence. You will there await my further orders." Here the Emperor attempted to say something, but the King hastily exclaimed, "I have spoken, sir," cut short what he wished to say. So, with an "Au revoir, monsieur mon frere," he passed out of the room, and into his carriage, which he never left until he reached Bouillon, in Belgium.

The proprietors of the Chateau, who fled to the interior on the approach of the victorious Prussian army, have re-entered it, although in fear and trembling, and it will be a long time before the grounds

will recover from the blighting effects of the Prussian visitation.

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

GENERAL ROBERT EDMUND LEE, whose death at half-past nine o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst., at Lexington, Va.—surrounded by re-

lations and friends, who loved and honored him while he lived, and mourn him now he is dead—brought on by too close attention to his duties as President of Washington College, is announced, was born in 1808, in Arlington, Va., and received a liberal education, being admitted, in 1825, to West Point, where he graduated with honor four years later.

Shortly after leaving West Point, Lieutenant Lee made a voyage to Europe, where his manners and acquirements secured him the *entrées* to the best society of the European capitals. The young Virginian became a favorite abroad, and though his visit there was one of pleasure and enjoyment, he nevertheless found occasion to busy himself with inquiries into matters ap-

pertaining to the profession which he had chosen. This experience, slender as it was, proved of advantage to him afterward. He stored his mind with what was useful, and when in future years he had to draw upon this store of knowledge, he did so but to improve and adapt it for his own advantage. On his return home, he rejoined his regiment. In 1836 he was promoted from second to first lieutenant, and two years later, in 1838, he was made captain. The year 1845 saw him appointed a member of the Board of Engineers.

In 1846 the war between the United States and Mexico broke out, and Robert E. Lee accompanied the army as chief engineer, and served with great gallantry, being promoted to major in April of the same year for brilliant conduct at Cerro Gordo.

When the Mexican war was brought to a close, he was reappointed a member of the Board of Engineers, which position he continued to hold until 1852, when he was raised to the post of Superintendent of West Point Military Academy, which he held till March, 1855, when he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of cavalry. On the 16th of March, 1861, he was appointed colonel of cavalry, and on the 25th day of the following month he resigned his commission in the United States Army, and offered his sword to Virginia.

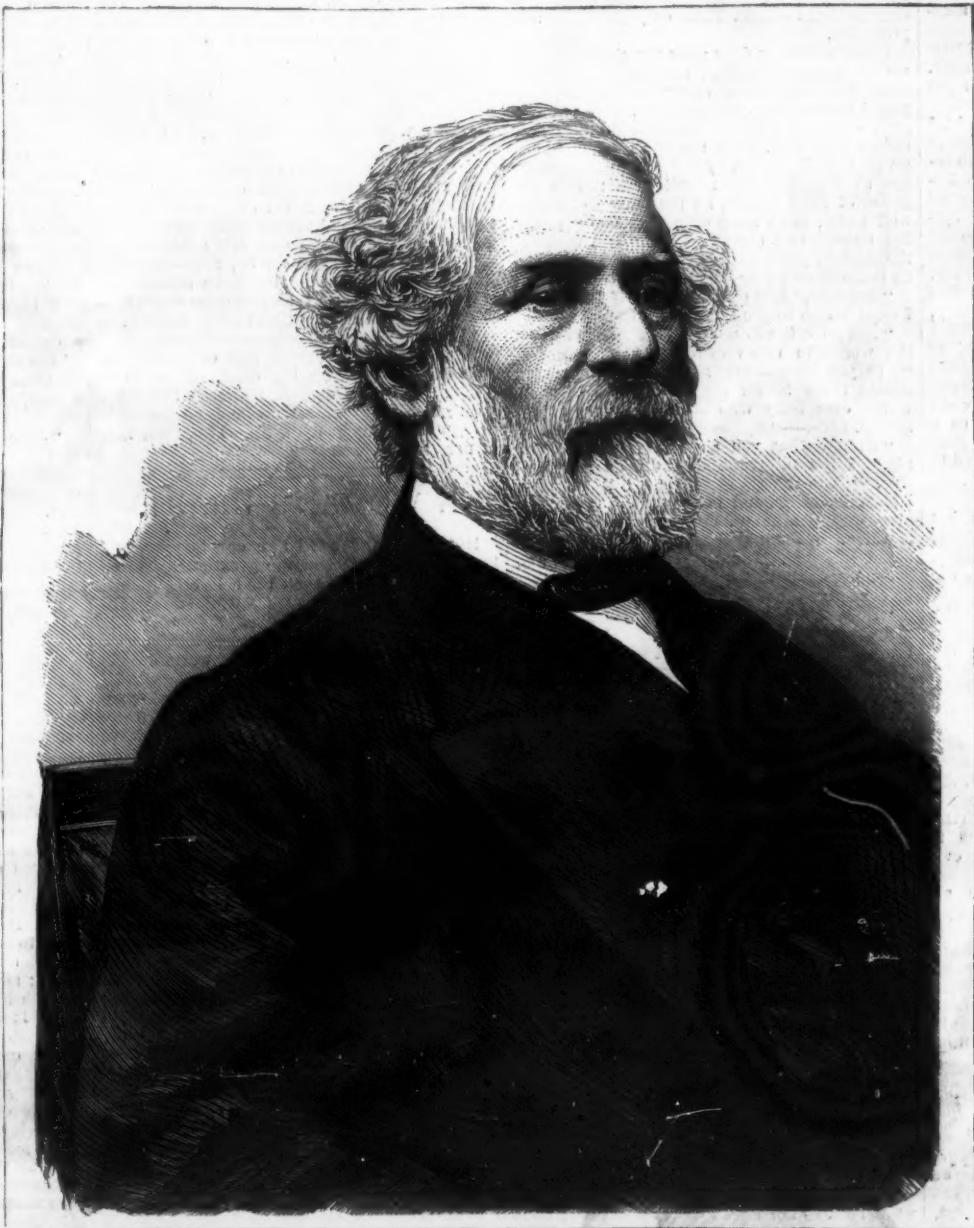
The world knows how nobly but unavailingly he fought for his native State during the long and bloody years intervening between 1861 and 1865, against the immense armies the North sent to crush him, under her most experienced generals, and how, in the end, he was compelled to lay down his sword and give up the unequal struggle.

The war over, Lee returned to his home in the lovely valley of Virginia, and retired into private life.

He was elected President of Washington College, in the little town of Lexington, where he has since resided, in 1866, and his appointment gave universal satisfaction.

In person General Lee was a notably handsome man. He was tall of stature and admirably proportioned; his features were regular and most amiable in appearance; and in his manners he was courteous and dignified. In social life he was much admired.

It is not yet known where he will be buried, the people of Lexington insisting that he shall be laid with Stonewall Jackson, while the people of Richmond wish that his honored remains may repose in Hollywood.



THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, OF VIRGINIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

Cemetery, where so many of the heroes of the Army of Northern Virginia now lie wrapped in their last sleep.

In our next issue we will illustrate the funeral ceremonies.

WHITHER?

ALL spangled are the beach trees, with notes of autumn gold,
And 'neath their spreading red leaves is many a love-tale told:
O'erclouds the sky with shadow, the thunder-showers fall,
And fade away the sunbeams—away beyond recall.

The babbling brook o'er-ripples the pebbles smooth and white,
The water-lilies quiver, and tremble in the light;
Arise the wind and tempest, from whence we may not know,
The brook becomes a torrent, away the lilies flow!

The prisoned lark is straining his little throat to raise
The song that once on green turf he sang to Heaven's praise:
His shrill, sweet notes ascending, in melody uprise,
Re-echoing till their music is lost amid the skies.

The song that once on green turf he sang to Heaven's praise:
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since her sister's departure. The firelight showed a pleasant, girlish face, in no manner resembling Eugenia's, and with not a tithe of Eugenia's beauty. Perhaps brown, wavy hair and amiable, soft brown eyes were the only two personal beauties which Lily Harrow possessed.

"You're an excellent consoler, Lily," Aunt Cecilia's withered hand clasped her niece's very proudly as she spoke. "But you can't shut my eyes, dear, to the fact that Eugenia Harrow is an ungrateful, worthless girl."

"Oh, auntie!"

"Yes, Lily, I mean it. Perhaps she is just suited to the society of such proud, hollow-hearted people as those Howlands up at the Lodge. Years ago, Lily, when you two girls—both little black-robed orphans, then—came here to live with me, I discovered the difference between your natures. You were always lovable and tractable; Eugenia was continually self-willed, pretentious, disagreeable. Well, you have neither of you changed a whit. Even in the men you are going to marry there is the same difference that exists between your separate characters. Compare Charles Howland with Roger Brandon."

The firelight gleamed upon a very pleasant smile as Lily answered:

"One is very rich, auntie, and the other is quite poor. One what is called a landed proprietor, and one merely a struggling young farmer."

"Right, Lily; but it can also be said that Charles Howland is a purse-proud, city-bred aristocrat, who, in his heart of hearts, despises himself for having fallen in love with the woman he is going to make his wife. Ask yourself, however, whether Roger Brandon is not good and true and honest—"

"Please don't enumerate his virtues, auntie," was the laughing interruption. "I love him with a positively troublesome amount of attachment already, and have no desire to fall an inch deeper into folly."

"It isn't folly," said Aunt Cecilia, expressively; and then there was quite a long silence, during which the scarlet flames leaped, and the old mahogany clock in the corner sent a very homelike sound through the room's deepening dusk.

"I wonder why Eugenia hates the ticking of that clock," said Lily, thoughtfully. "It is so pleasant to me. It so often brings back those past days, auntie—days that are gone forever—when, just as I am sitting now, I sat and heard you tell stories which Uncle Harvey had, in his turn, told you—stories of voyage and adventure in far-away lands. Those were very agreeable times, and the clock's tick-tick, especially at hours like this, never fails to recall them."

"Uncle Harvey," it may here be stated, had been the husband of Aunt Cecilia, and a sea-captain. He had made his last voyage, and met with his last adventure, two years before Lily Harrow and her sister came to live with their aunt, and neither of the girls remembered him more than faintly as a pale, dying man, who had really died in their early childhood, and left Aunt Cecilia their only guardian and protector.

It was not many days after the circumstances we have just chronicled that Lily Harrow entered the room where her sister Eugenia happened to be seated, engaged in making herself some object of personal adornment out of lilac ribbon and lace, both materials having been given her, doubtless, by her future mother-in-law at Locust Lodge; for it was not in the power of Aunt Cecilia, all the village of L—well knew, to do more than respectfully clothe her nieces, and support herself and them in the modest, plain-looking home where they had all three lived for so many years.

"Eugenia," Lily said, gently, "if I were you I wouldn't go to the Haughtons' to-night."

"Not go to the Haughtons?" Eugenie echoed the words in tones of extreme amazement. "Are you insane, Lily? What earthly reason should there be for my not going to a party which everybody who is anybody will surely attend, and—"

"I know what you are going to say, Eugenia," Lily's interruption was calm and decisive. "The Haughtons' party will no doubt be a splendid affair, and not to go will cause you great disappointment. But Aunt Cecilia's fever is worse. I think that fact ought to keep you home, Eugenia. The doctor has just left, and is coming again this evening. I am sure that he considers the case a very critical one."

"Nonsense," was the quick reply. "Sick and dying are two very different things, Lily. I half believe you're jealous at not being asked yourself, and are simply trying to keep me home on an absurd pretext."

Hot color mounted to Lily Harrow's cheek, but her answer was a mild one. "You know better than that, Eugenia. I have told you the truth; aunt has been delirious since early this morning. Now, go or stay, just as you please."

Eugenia went. Lily was watching at her aunt's bedside that evening when the doctor called.

"Aunt Cecilia seems better," she whispered, "though still very weak—perhaps a little weaker, doctor, than when you were here last."

The physician felt his patient's pulse. Lily saw, or fancied that she saw, a gloomy gravity steal over his face as he did so. Then he gazed steadily at Aunt Cecilia's pale countenance, almost deathlike with its closed eyes and blanched lips.

When the doctor left that night, he told Lily that very probably her aunt would not live until morning. It was impossible for him to remain; were it not for one or two over-pressing calls, he would certainly do so. There was very little hope. Lily must obey implicitly his medical directions, and await results. Nothing more than this could be done.

"I won't call Charlotte," Lily thought, as she went back to her aunt's chamber after wishing the doctor good-night. Charlotte was the one

servant in Aunt Cecilia's household. "I'll just be brave, and do my duty all alone," the girl's reflections proceeded, "for Charlotte would have hysterics, or something of the sort, if I mentioned the danger to her."

After that, Lily watched her aunt until it was medicine-time. Roused to take her medicine, Aunt Cecilia opened her eyes, and fixed them steadily enough, sanely enough, upon her niece's face. Her breathing was short and labored, but all traces of delirium were gone. Lily saw this before the poor old creature had opened her lips.

"Lily," she murmured. That was all for several minutes. Presently, again: "Lily, my darling."

"Yes, aunt; I am here. You see me, don't you?"

"Perfectly. Lily, you've always been a very good daughter to me," finishing the sentence with a gasp. "I say 'daughter,' dear, because I believe God sent you for one to poor childless me. Where's Eugenia?"

The abruptness of the question made Lily start. She dared not lie, and, most of all, she dared not lie at a time like the present.

"Eugenia has gone out, auntie."

"Where?"

"To—Mrs. Haughton's party. The Howlands came for her."

A dead silence. Were her aunt's tones getting hollow, her words less distinct, or did Lily only fancy this? There surely seemed a change in both, when Aunt Cecilia broke that dead silence by saying:

"Well, well, I suppose it's better to have her away; but it was heartless in her to go, Lily—heartless, heartless!" repeating the word monotonously. "Everything about Eugenia is heartless and cold and unlovable. Where's Roger Brandon?"

"I told him not to come to-night, auntie, knowing how sick you were."

"Then we're quite alone, you—and—I?"

"Quite alone," said Lily.

Those last words of Aunt Cecilia's had been spoken with an almost painful difficulty; and now it seemed as if she was destined to speak no other word this side of death. Her pallid lips were moving tremulously, but no sound issued from them.

Lily bent over her with wildly beating heart.

"Aunt, aunt," she murmured, "what is it you wish to say?"

"This, Lily." She had found her voice again, but the tones were so awfully husky and labored, that it seemed almost as if death, having stolen her voice, had lent her his own to speak with. "It's about that clock Eugenia hates so. I've left it to you. Squire Williams has the document that makes it yours. Ask him to show what's in his keeping, Lily, when I'm dead and gone. I've always wound it up myself, and kept it locked, for the last twenty years. Get the key from the right side of my top bureau-drawer, and open it. You'll find the pot of gold there—the pot of gold I've been saving for my Lily all these years, in case she married poor, you know, or something of that sort. Come closer, child, and kiss me. The room's getting very dark. Kiss harder, so I can feel your lips, for my face is numbing fast, and it all means death, Lily—death, death—but I'm weary, and willing to go! You mustn't thank me for the gold. Your uncle Harvey brought it from those foreign parts that he told so many wonderful stories about. He hid it there in the clock-case because, as he used to say, the clock seemed to call out, with its tick-tick, tick-tick. 'Quite safe, quite safe,' from morning till night. And so it has been quite safe in that spot, and nobody has ever dreamed of stealing it. There's as much gold to make you as rich as Eugenia'll be, Lily—you and Roger. But I should never have saved it for you unless I'd known that you were one whom riches could not spoil. Kiss harder, darling, so I can feel your—your sweet—sweet—lips."

After that, Aunt Cecilia was very peaceful. And Lily, alone with the dead, did not feel afraid. Her arms clasped fearlessly that quiet form; her tears of sorrow and of gratitude dropped noiselessly upon the white, calm face of her benefactress.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

How THE wind cried like one in pain, and twisted the branches of the great elms over on the common, and dashed the cold rain against the windows! It was such a wild, stormy November day! People hurried by with their "comforters" up to their noses, and thought, with a little glow at the heart, of warm fires in cozy rooms at home.

In the parlor of the large white house opposite the common there was as stormy a scene in progress as that in which the elements were engaged outdoors. It was a comfortable room—richly, not extravagantly, furnished. The windows were hung with heavy crimson curtains. The chairs and sofas were covered with the same color. A bright fire burned in the grate, casting a rich warm glow over the room.

Between the two windows stood a man of perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years. His hair was brown, with fiery golden threads gleaming through it, and twisting into waves and curls over a lofty brow. His face was very pale—not from illness; it seemed to be natural. The features were perfect. A straight, aristocratic nose, a beautifully molded chin, and just a curve of a full, red lip, underneath a soft, brown mustache. Eyes, oval-shaped, deep, soft and blue, with straight, low brows, and long lashes. A white, firm hand, a handsome foot, and an elegant form. This was Charles West.

Half-a-dozen paces from him stood a young girl, clad in a simple brown dress. Hers was a striking, not a handsome face—the mouth was too large, and yet it was a strangely fascinating mouth, so flexible and expressive. She was of medium height, a figure slender and graceful. Her brow was low and broad. I have a passion for low foreheads in women—it makes them

look so calm and sweet, unless they have wicked eyes—and Jane Venner's eyes were not wicked, they were glorious. I have said that she was not handsome. I repeat it; Jane was only a pure, gentle, womanly-looking girl. But her eyes! You forgot, while looking into their depths, that she was not beautiful. In her quiet moments they were a liquid gray-brown, so large, and clear, and bright, that they would draw a second glance from you in spite of yourself. And away down in them there was a sort of hungry yearning, a though she had missed something from her life.

It was the unsatisfied heart looking out through her eyes.

They were black now with excitement as she listened to her companion's words.

"And yet you loved me once, Jane!" he said, with a low smile creeping over his face, and lighting up his deep eyes.

She dashed her dusky hair back from her face, as though its touch maddened her.

"Loved you? Yes, if it be any satisfaction to you to hear me say it, I loved you. Heaven knows how madly and blindly! I worshipped you! I would have knelt and kissed the very ground where you walked! I would have died for you! My life was one vast field of pure, unbroken bloom, until you came, and with ruthless feet crushed all my flowers until they were dead. I hung on your every word and look, and waited hungrily for your smiles, which you gave me, just as, in a charitable moment, you would toss a handful of pennies to a beggar. And you stand there with your insolent, smiling face, when you know that you have been the means of making all my life unutterably wretched! Heavens! if I were a man, I would strike you dead at my feet!"

How the mad pain tore and wrenched at her heart, and burned in her eyes! And yet he stood there, as she had said, with his "insolent, smiling face," white, handsome, and unmoved.

It had been very gratifying to his vanity to see her eyelids drop, and the flush come into her pure cheek beneath his gaze. He never troubled his head with the idea that while he was passing a few hours pleasantly, all the sweetness and richness was slowly drifting away from her life. He knew that she loved him, but he did not know—he never could know—how she loved him.

It was the day previous to his departure for London, and he had called to say "Good-by." He thanked her for the pleasure her friendship had given him—said it was just likely they might meet somewhere again; he hoped they should. She sat and listened to him with a white, still face. She understood him perfectly. He meant that the past was to go for nothing. But when he arose to go, and laid his hand on hers, with the hope that they might always be friends, all her anguish and wounded pride flashed up into her face, and, throwing his hand from her, she cried:

"Friends? Never—never! You and I can never be friends! Oh, may I only learn to hate you as you deserve!"

And then he said, "And yet you loved me once, Jane!"

Her answer I have already given you.

Three months later, Charles West married a slender, delicate girl, with a fortune. He fell in love with her money. Six months after his marriage, his bride was laid in her grave, a victim to consumption.

Some three years passed away, and up among the mountains of Cumberland Charles West met Jane Venner.

Jane and her uncle—who had adopted her after the death of her parents, when she was a child—were spending the summer there.

When she met Charles West she recognized his low bow by a slight inclination of her head, and repelled all his attempts to renew their friendship by her cool, quiet dignity.

One evening a party of gentlemen met in one of the private rooms of the hotel to play cards. By some chance Miss Venner's name was mentioned, and Charles West, flushed with wine, caught at it.

"Jane Venner? Egad, boys, did you know that she was sweet on me once? Was, 'pon honor! She really told me so, and accused me of breaking her heart, or something of that sort. It was quite romantic, I assure you," and he laughed loudly, and began to shuffle the cards, preparatory to dealing, when across the table there came a clear voice, with a thrill of indignation in it.

"Charles West, any man who would speak of a lady as you have spoken of Miss Venner, deserves to be horsewhipped."

"May I be allowed to inquire if Captain Knowles intends to be personal in his remarks?" said West, with a sneer.

"Sir," returned Captain Knowles, in that same low, intense voice, "you are a mean, contemptible puppy!"

There was a breathless silence for a few seconds, and then Charles West said, in a low, musical voice, "I will meet Captain Knowles at any place he may appoint to-morrow at sunrise, and we will settle this affair. Major Graham, will you do me the kindness to act as my second? Perhaps Howe will do the same for you, Captain Knowles."

The two gentlemen assented, and stepped aside to arrange matters.

The next morning Jane Venner arose at dawn; and donning a broad-brimmed hat, she left the hotel, and sauntered up the mountain-side. It was her habit to take a long ramble every morning before breakfast. She went slowly on, breathing in the fresh, pure air, stopping now and then to pluck a flower, all sparkling with the morning dew.

As she turned off into a little grove of pines to the left, the sound of voices struck her ear. A few more steps, and she paused in astonishment at the scene which met her eye.

Standing with his profile toward her was Charles West, his hat on the ground beside him, his coat thrown carelessly open, and his face white, handsome, and smiling, with the

bright brown curls clinging around the full, high brow. In his right hand, which hung by his side, he held a pistol.

Facing him, several paces distant, stood Richard Knowles. He was terribly excited—Jane could see that. It contrasted strangely with West's reckless indifference. But Captain Knowles was a good shot, and his hand would be steady enough when his finger pressed the trigger.

Yes, it was a duel! Miss Venner realized it with a strange horror; but she did not move or speak.

One of the seconds held a watch in his hand, and suddenly his voice rang out: "Ready, gentlemen!"

There was a flash of steel as the pistols came up into position.

"One—two—three—fire!"

There was a rush of a woman's dress through the air, two sharp reports, and Jane Venner sank down at Charles West's feet, with the red life-blood pouring from her breast.

There was a cry of horror from the gentlemen as they rushed forward. Charles West knelt at her side; she smiled up into his eyes for an instant, then her eyes closed, and she was dead! Jane Venner was dead!

After the cruel work he had done her—after all the bitter pain he had caused her, she had given her life to save his.

Richard Knowles threw up his arms with a cry of anguish.

"Jane dead—dead! and I killed her. Oh, my Father in heaven!"

He loved her, you see—this man loved her. He was noble and true, and worthy of her. But she loved Charles West, with his fair, false face and selfish heart; and she died for him. All her pain was over now; she was at rest. Already a calm, sweet peace was settling over the still, dead face as it lay there on the cool green grass.

My story is ended. Jane Venner died for the man she loved; and he, though shocked at first, went on through the world, as handsome, smiling, and selfish as ever.

Richard Knowles grew to be a moody, bowed man. Once, when he met Charles West, he said, "Do not cross my path, or I shall forget that she loved you, and shall be tempted to commit what the world would call 'murder.'"

THE FIRST PRINTERS AND THEIR ART.

PRINTING is the offspring of an older art, wood-engraving; but it came to perfection before its parent. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the demand for popular books had become too great for the scribes to satisfy. Immense numbers were employed, especially in the Low Countries, in copying, illuminating, and binding, as well as in preparing paper and parchment or vellum. In England these employments were almost exclusively carried on by the monks, but on the Continent all classes and both sexes were engaged in them; and, as a result, most of the books in English libraries came from abroad. The earliest attempts at printing were those made by the manufacturers of playing-cards, which were produced in Germany, either by wood-engraving or by stencil plates, fully a century before the time of the first English printer, William Caxton. The next step seems to have been that by which block-books were printed. These consisted of engravings on wood, often of the coarsest kind, representing Scripture scenes and characters, and were at first without any description in words, except what was added by the pen of a scribe.

From their comparative cheapness these books were called the "Bibles of the Poor," yet they were no doubt beyond the reach of ordinary persons, and commanded a price which, in these days of cheap literature, seems enormous. The prices paid for some "Doctrinals," or spelling-books, printed in a rough way by cast or molded blocks, are still on record, and point to a very high comparative value. In the block-books a few letters or words containing a description of the scenes represented were very rarely inserted, but these letters formed an inseparable part of the block itself. Specimens have now become very rare. Some may be seen in cases in the British Museum. They are printed upon paper, on one side only of the page, and, especially in the earliest examples, present a strange combination of scenes in the same picture, although they have usually some allusive or figurative connection. Thus we have in one, David slaying Goliath and Our Lord descending into hell, whilst below are representations of two prophets, and mottoes containing explanatory texts in rhyming Latin. Books of this kind are, no doubt, more valuable now than they were when new, but must always have been expensive. A volume printed upon vellum, containing thirty-three pages of manuscript interspersed with curious woodcuts, was lately sold in London for £120. In the same collection were some playing-cards of the kind we mentioned above—they fetched £23 10s.

The first printer known to have used movable types was Laurence Coster, of Haarlem. He died in 1440, and examples of his work are both rare and valuable. No complete book printed by him can now be traced, but single leaves are sometimes discovered concealed in the binding of other books. The production of "Doctrinals" or lesson-books seems to have been his chief employment, and for this purpose he used wooden blocks, printing without a press, and only on one side of the sheet. He produced in this manner at least two editions of the Grammar of Donatus, and possibly several other books; but examples of them have now become so scarce, that a complete copy of any of them is unknown, and that six odd leaves of the first of the Donatuses, which had all been extracted from the binding of other books, were recently sold for nearly \$55. As Continental volumes were used for schools, we can-

not feel any surprise that they have so completely disappeared. He does not seem to have hit upon the idea that his types, such as they were, might be used again and again in different works, but probably cut a block for each page. After his death no further progress was made at Haarlem, and he does not seem to have left any successors. There is an interval of forty years between his Doctrinals and the first book printed at Haarlem by the new process. What became of his workmen, whether his art was a secret and died with him, or whether the next printers learnt their art from him, has not been ascertained. His printing was of the rudest kind, yet in rapidity and ease of production it was an immense stride from the slow labors of the transcribers and illuminators. A great deal had still to be accomplished, and it is not possible to accord the honor of having invented printing, in the modern sense of the word, to any one before movable types were discovered, and the old wooden blocks superseded by metal letters separately cast in molds. This advance has generally been ascribed to Gutenberg, but the full credit of the invention is largely shared by his two associates, Fust and Schœffer.

The story of the invention seems to be this: A young man of good family named John Gensfleisch von Sörgenloch—called Gutenberg from the place of his birth, a village in Bohemia—was forced in 1420, by some political troubles, to fly from Mentz, where he had been living (perhaps at school or college, for he was out twenty years of age, if so much), and to take up his residence at Strasbourg. There he remained till 1434, supporting himself probably by the labor of his hands—according to some accounts, by engraving; or possibly by carving in wood; and according to others, by jeweler's work. He is mentioned in old Strasbourg records as having been defendant in two actions—one, apparently, for breach of promise of marriage; and he seems to have attained a certain position in the municipal government of the city of his adoption. We next find him in difficulties regarding an association he had entered into with three of his trade, it seems for the purpose of making looking-glasses, which at that time were both expensive and rare. Gutenberg had applied the money subscribed by the associates in some way unknown to any but one of them. This one shortly died, and his brother and heirs endeavored to recover from Gutenberg the money advanced by the deceased; offering, however, to stay the proceedings on being taken into his confidence. He refused to part with his secret, and was able so far to establish his case, that he was only held bound to repay fifteen florins to the heirs of his late partner. A curious question has been raised as to the mirrors which Gutenberg was to make by his new process. It seems doubtful whether he ever seriously engaged in the manufacture of mirrors at all; and an ingenious Frenchman has suggested that the production, not of actual looking-glasses, but of a little devotional volume, very popular in the Middle Ages, and known as the "Speculum Salutis," or Mirror of Salvation, was the object of Gutenberg's enterprise. However, we find that shortly after, having exhausted both his money and his credit in Strasbourg, he took measures for returning to Mentz. It is quite possible that the secret he guarded so carefully and valued so highly was that of the invention of printing; if so, it is not easy to over-estimate the importance of the next event of his checkered life. He became acquainted with a jeweler of large means and singular disposition. His name was Fust or Faust, and he was said to have dealt largely in the occult mysteries of alchemy, and even of sorcery. Be this as it may, the fact that he obtained credit for such pursuits is a curious example of the tendency of the popular mind in the Middle Ages—when a man's life was safer if he committed a murder, than if he studied old books and was versed in strange languages. Friar Bacon and Bishop Grosseteste are prominent examples of the same thing in England. Fust had already spent large sums on various schemes; but he soon perceived the importance of Gutenberg's project, and assisted him with money, at a time when for want of it all might have failed. Gutenberg had been four years in Mentz, and does not seem to have made much progress until thus associated with Fust. Two years more passed, and the discovery was complete. This was in 1452, when a third partner, Schœffer, joined the firm. He was a workman of Fust's, and a clever, if somewhat unscrupulous, adapter of the inventions of Gutenberg. Schœffer cast the type in molds, and thus improved upon the first method of cutting it in wood. Fust is said to have been so pleased that he gave him his daughter in marriage, and took him into partnership; and we fear there is no doubt that they lightened the now prosperous ship of their fortunes, by throwing overboard the pilot of their trial trips. Fust brought an action and recovered the money he had advanced at the commencement of the enterprise, and Gutenberg was obliged to quit Mentz a second time penniless and friendless. There must have been an element of restlessness, and perhaps unfriendly character, in him, for he seems to have never been able to attach any one faithfully or for any time. He returned, however, eventually, and was taken into the service of the Prince-Bishop of Mentz, at whose court he remained until his death in 1468.

Meanwhile his great discovery had filled the world with surprise, and was becoming known in every European country. The name of Gutenberg himself was not coupled with it. At the end of each book which issued from the Mentz press we read the name of Fust and of Schœffer, but not that of their early associate. Whether this was because he never himself actually printed any volume, or—which is unlikely—because none of his books have survived, it is not possible now to decide. But we are, nevertheless, compelled to assign him the honor of being the first printer, both on

account of an almost unanimous tradition to that effect, and also because in the dedication of a volume printed by John Schœffer, the son and successor of Peter Schœffer, the associate of Fust, distinct mention is made of Gutenberg's claim to be considered the father of the art.

The works issued by Schœffer, both during the lifetime of Fust and after his death, were printed in such a manner that the utmost exertions of succeeding generations of typographers have not excelled them. The largest and perhaps the best specimen is that generally, though erroneously, described as Gutenberg's Psalter. It requires a practiced eye to know a page of it from a manuscript. The letters are large and clear, and have still upon them a gloss as of newness, so excellent is the ink with which they are printed. The capitals are in red, the commencement of each Psalm being marked by an illuminated letter of large size and great beauty. A line of music occupies the top of the page, and the whole is printed upon vellum of the finest texture. A single leaf of this precious volume is sometimes sold for not less than from \$50 to \$60, according to the degree of care with which it has been preserved. Complete copies are only to be met with in the largest libraries, and may be described as simply invaluable. Seven or eight copies only are known to exist, all printed on vellum. Forty years ago \$2,500 was given for the copy in the French Imperial Library, and twice or thrice the money would fall to secure one now.

But while this Psalter is the most beautiful of early printed books, the first in importance is undoubtedly the "Mazarino" Bible, by many considered the earliest complete book for which metal types were used. There is no printer's name to it, and the work has often been ascribed entirely to Gutenberg; nor is it unlikely that he had a chief part in its production.

Fust is said to have gone to Paris when printing turned out a success, to negotiate the sale of one of the editions of the Bible, and to have died there of the plague in 1466. His son-in-law, Schœffer, lived until 1502, if not longer, and founded a family of printers, which lasted far into the seventeenth century.

AN INCIDENT IN THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

ON the first page of this issue is given an illustration of an incident not uncommon in the city of Paris since the German forces enveloped and cut it off from everyday communication with the outside world. The scene is the upper balcony of a residence in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysées. A lady has just liberated a carrier-dove, to which she has fastened, by tying a ribbon around its neck, a *billet-doux* directed to her husband, lover, or perhaps brother, serving in the army at Tours, the temporary capital of France. Before the siege, and while the conveyance of letters beyond the lines of the enemy by balloon was merely talked of as a dubious experiment, large numbers of pigeons were conveyed to Paris from different departments by families and by officials, that, in the event of the siege continuing many days, they might be enabled to communicate with friends or those in authority beyond the fortifications.

A SORTIE NEAR METZ.

A GERMAN artist, Mr. Friedemann, of Berlin, who has been visiting the Prussian encampments near the beleaguered city of Metz, forwarded us, by last European mail, a number of sketches of scenes and incidents. From these we have selected for illustration a view of a sortie in force, made by French soldiers in the army of Marshal Bazaine, in the vicinity of the fortification known as St. Julien, and which resulted, with enormous loss to both sides, in their repulse by the landwehr. The attack, a most stirring one, is almost of daily occurrence; indeed, very heavy engagements were held near this fort on the 6th and 7th of the present month; and as the movements and force of the offensive and defensive are on each occasion much alike, the engraving may be accepted as a good picture of all these. Thus, on the 7th inst. we are informed that Bazaine made a desperate attempt to break through the Prussian environment in the direction of Thionville. During the previous evening, the Prussians had driven the French from the village of Ladonchamps, and had established outposts in Stremy, Petit-Estampes, Grand-Estampes, and Mance. "Bazaine, under cover of a thick fog, advanced his troops, and commenced an attack for the recovery of Ladonchamps. Having engaged the Prussian artillery, he made a dash for Petit and Grand Estampes, annihilating the outposts, and throwing great masses on their supports. When these villages had been occupied, Bazaine sent forward a large body of troops on the right, close to the Moselle, which advanced up the valley until checked by Prussian cannon from both sides of the river, and finally stopped by the advance of two landwehr brigades of the Tenth Army Corps, which occupied a position opposite Grand and Petit Estampes. The landwehr distinguished themselves greatly; a fuller battalion of the Fifty-eighth Landwehr Regiment was nearly exterminated; other battalions of the same regiment, and of the Fifty-ninth Landwehr also, suffered severely. Finally, the French were driven back from all their positions by a general advance of landwehr and the Tenth Army Corps. There was much bayonet fighting in the villages. The Prussian victory was complete; their loss in killed and wounded was considerable, but that of the French was heavier. The French sent out all their field artillery and infantry, supported by the forts of St. Julien and Steloy. The whole Prussian Tenth and Third Army Corps and Landwehr Divisions were engaged, General Von Voigt, of the Tenth Army Corps, commanding. The

French made simultaneously a feigned attack on Vouay, Chieulles, Charly, and L'Orne, to the northeast of Fort St. Julien, which was repulsed late in the evening."

NEWS BREVITIES.

St. Louis is to have a new Merchants' Exchange.

The Indiana State Fair is under way at Indianapolis.

Cayuga County, New York State, has forty-nine post-offices.

The Virginia oyster navy is preparing to shell the Maryland fleet.

La Crosse, Wis., consumed five thousand tons of ice last summer.

The Indian encampment at Saratoga has broken up for the season.

Several large bears have recently been killed in Craig County, Va.

In Trenton a petrified cat has been found under the floor of a church vestry.

A game of base-ball is the Troy mode of raising money for an orphan asylum.

A house has been taken at Wiesbaden for the reception of Marshal MacMahon.

The highwaymen of Sacramento, Cal., have taken to garroting and "chloroforming."

In Mississippi sixty-one out of every one hundred of the population can neither read nor write.

A six-footed horse and a yearling bull with two tails are entered for prizes in the Oregon State Fair.

There are two hundred and twenty-three students registered at Ripon College, Wisconsin, this term.

Farmers who reside in the vicinity of Cayuga Lake are storing their grain, awaiting better prices.

Many fields of tobacco, up the Cayuga valley, it is reported, will yield a handsome second crop this fall.

Three boats of the codfish fleet arrived at San Francisco last week with over a quarter of a million of fish.

The foundations of Potter Palmer's new hotel, at Chicago, which is to cost about \$2,000,000, have been commenced.

The iron is nearly laid to the State line on the Southern Central railroad extension beyond Owego, New York State.

A company is forming at Fort Scott, Kan., with a capital of \$100,000 for the manufacture of agricultural implements.

Horse-thieves are making a great deal of mischief by their depredations in the central and western portions of Wisconsin.

The people of Enfield, N.H., have taken a census of their own, and find the reckoning of the United States authorities sixty-three short.

Plum wine is the latest novelty in Wisconsin. If wild plums can be utilized in this way, they will be much more valuable than heretofore.

A large piece of gold was found in a well near Fredericksburg, Va., recently, and parties are now negotiating for the purchase of the property.

A man was arrested in San Francisco the other day on the charge of pouring coal oil on living rats, setting it on fire, and burning them to death.

The new asteroid, discovered on the 16th of August, has been named "Ate," the goddess of discord, on account of the troubled condition of Europe.

The Managing Board of Regents, University of California, has decided to admit young ladies to the university on an equality in all respects with the young men.

A quarrel between two brothers in Indiana over the ownership of a barrel of salt, which commenced a couple of years ago, has just been settled at a cost to one of them of \$312.

The bi-centennial celebration of the town of Shemeld, Conn., took place on the 12th inst. Guns were fired and bells rung at sunrise, and a general day of enjoyment was indulged in.

The Troy "Press" says that a woman in that city, sixty-eight years of age, has been delivered of a fine healthy infant. The marriage relation had proved barren of living results for forty years.

A stranger lately went to the village of Storm Lake, Ia., to inspect his purchase of a section of land, for which he had paid four dollars and a half an acre. He found it located in the middle of the lake.

In Columbus, Ky., on Saturday evening, five men got into an affray, pistols and knives were drawn—result, all were *hors de combat* within three minutes, one killed, two mortally wounded, and two seriously.

The town of Natchitoches, La., has contributed \$2,000 toward the erection of a telegraph between Alexandria, passing through Natchitoches and Shreveport. Only \$1,000 more is needed to start the enterprise.

The Tennessee Democrats have nominated John Brown for Governor. The Democracy of Kentucky are declaring in their County Conventions for another John Brown for Governor in that State. Virginia is expected to follow suit.

While a Mr. Pilgrim and family were at church a few nights since, some negroes entered his residence, at Marietta, Ga., and abstracted from the trunk of Mr. Wheelan \$7,000 of revenue fund, just collected in the upper counties.

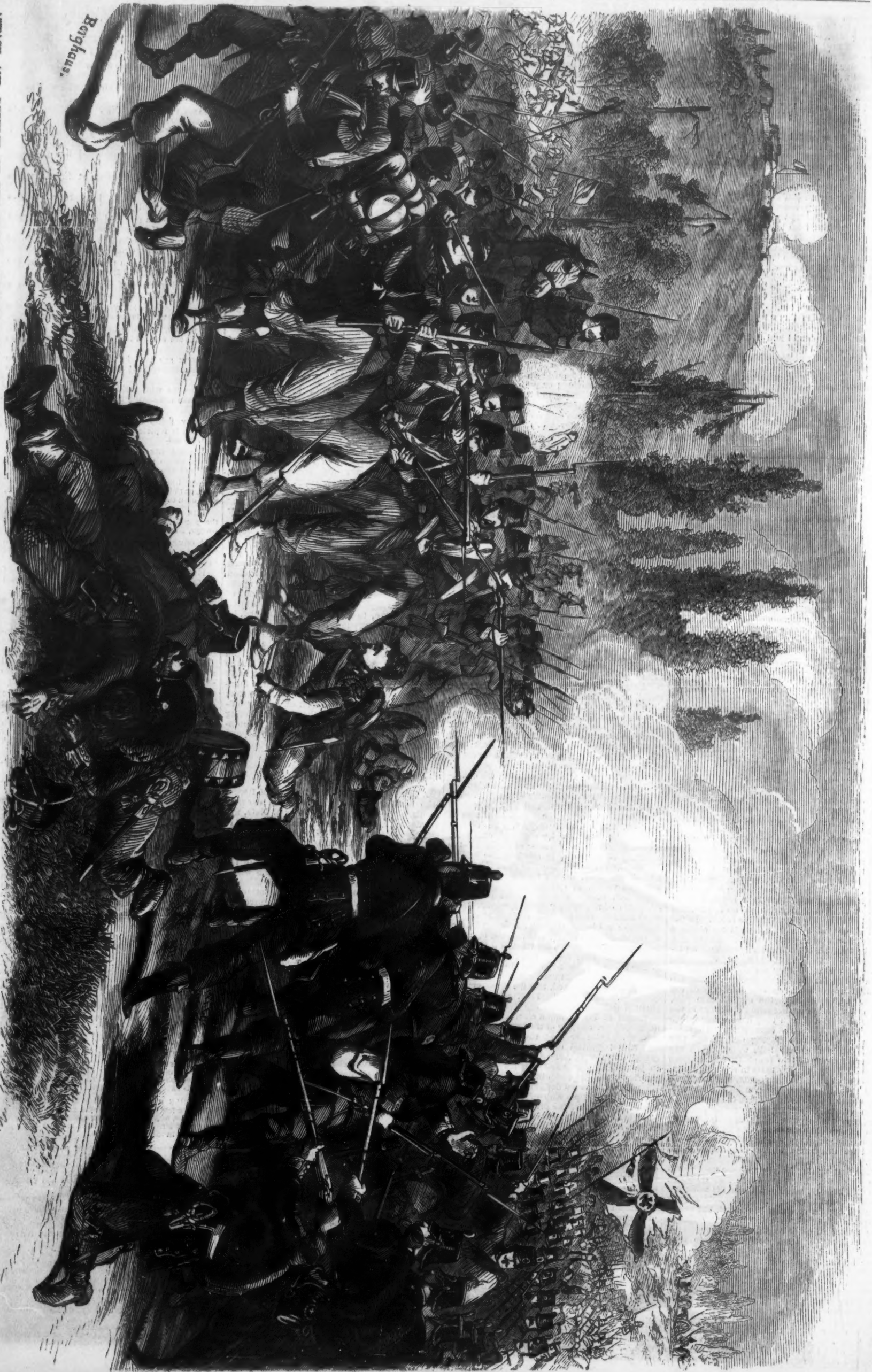
The experiment of holding a fungi exhibition proved so successful and interesting last year, that the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society of London have resolved on repeating the same, and announce a second show of edible and poisonous fungi.

A FLUVANNA County (Va.) correspondent of the Richmond "Whig" relates an incident of the late flood, in which three heroic white citizens, named Davis, Fuqua, and Agee, lost their lives in an unsuccessful attempt to rescue a colored ferryman and his wife.

JOSEPH PETTYBONE, in the "New England Farmer," says that with the aid of his barometer he is generally able to judge positively of the weather two days ahead. He knows of no investment for a farmer that will pay as well, in proportion to amount, as a barometer.

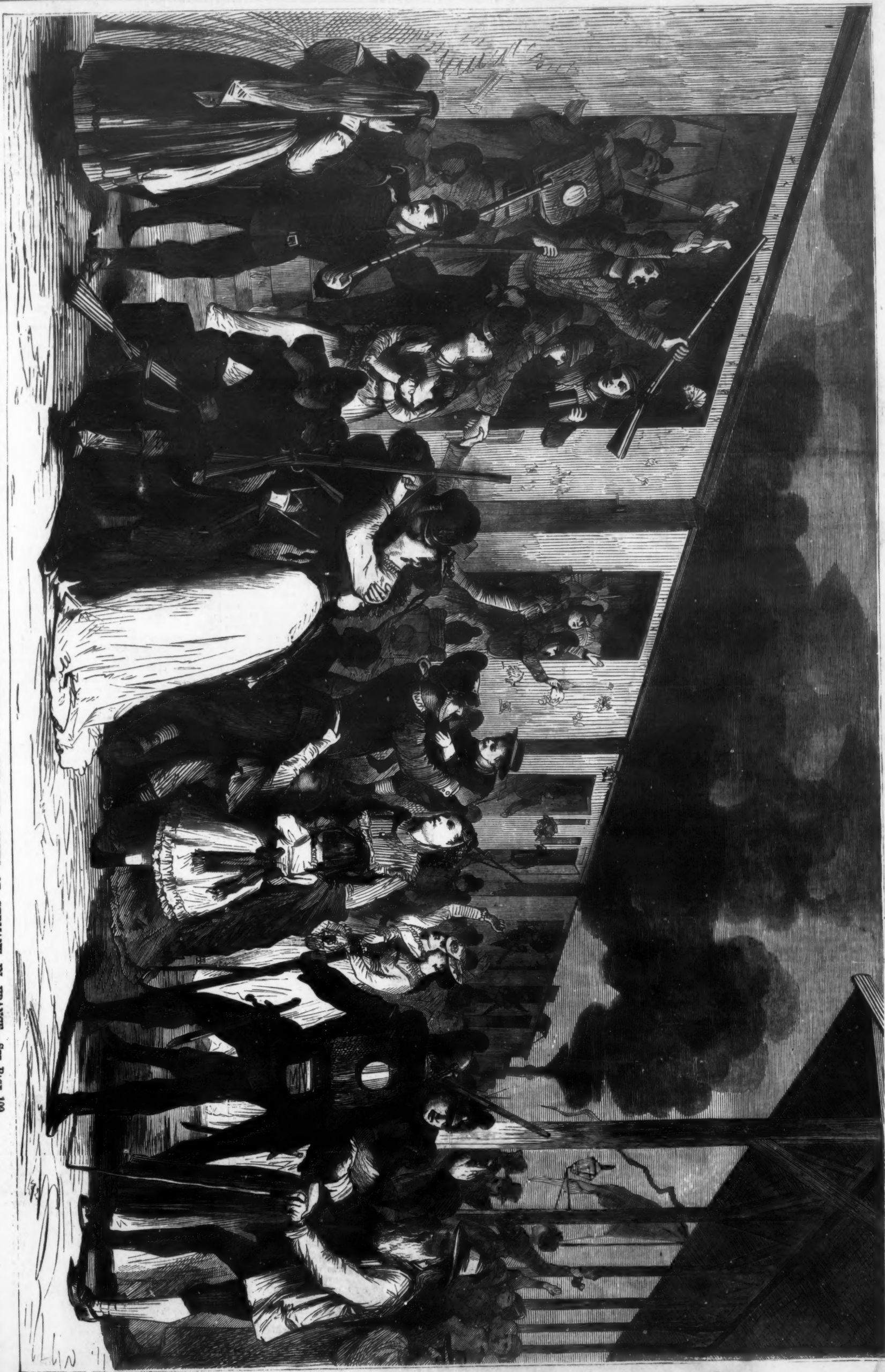
An aged man named Samuel Ritchie, died at Sunville, Venango County, Pa., last week, from the effects of self-imposed starvation. Some three weeks ago he became insane, and since that time had steadfastly refused to eat or drink, asserting that he would be poisoned.

ATTACK AND REPULSE OF THE FRENCH SOLDIERY UNDER BAZAINE BY THE PRUSSIAN LANDWEHR, NEAR THE FORT OF ST. JULIEN, METZ, FRANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, MR. FRIEDRICH.—SEE PAGE 101.



Benghaus.

DEPARTURE OF BAVARIAN LANDWEHR MEN FROM THE CITY OF MUNICH TO JOIN THE ARMIES OF GERMANY IN FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 100.



THE SONG.

It was only the brown thrush singing
His sweetest triumphant song,
But it loosened the bitter fountain
Of the tears I had hid so long;
And I sobbed in excess of sorrow,
And my very soul was wrung,
And my heart was pierced by an arrow,
With every note that he sung.

It seemed like a mocking echo
Of the beautiful Long Ago;
And the Past, that slips behind us,
Can never return, you know.
I thought I had quite forgotten
The dream that I dreamed with you,
But the brown thrush lifted the curtain,
And the ghost of the dream looked through.

'Twas the very song that he uttered,
As the sun swung down the west,
And you folded your arms about me,
And I listened there on your breast;
And louder and sweeter and clearer
The notes of the brown thrush rang,
And the strings of my heart responded,
And answered the song he sang.

Oh! friend, there is no forgetting
For hearts that have loved like mine,
And sorrow can only chasten,
And render the love divine.
Then flow, O tears, like a river,
And sing, O thrush, on the spray!
But the season of Youth and dreaming
Forever has past away.

THE WIFE'S PLOT;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE HATHERLEIGHS.

CHAPTER XLIII.—(CONTINUED).

"MISS DALTON," said Byles, "may I speak with you a minute?"

Ethel was just entering the park gate, but she turned when Byles addressed her, saying quietly:

"If you have any letter or message for me from Mrs. Ralph Hatherleigh, Mr. Byles, I will speak to you; if not, I must beg to decline conversation thrust on me against my will."

"As you please," said Ephraim, snappishly. "It is only on your own business I want to speak. Mrs. Ralph is in great distress. The doctor says Mr. Spence can't live more than a week or two."

Hearing this, Ethel turned back, and walked toward the heath, Byles following her.

"You can speak now," said Ethel. "There is no danger here of being heard. What is my mother's message?"

"I didn't say I had a message," replied Byles, in his humblest voice. "I want to give you a word of warning, that's all."

"Then speak it at once, if you please, Mr. Byles," said Ethel, calmly.

Discouraged by her very presence, and feeling her contempt to the very centre of his mean soul, the miserable Byles wriggled and shook, and looked more wretched and abject than even his worst enemy could desire.

"I am sure I've always been your friend," he said, feebly. "I went constantly to Lewis Hartrow's help, though I trembled for my life every time I saw him. His threats and his ways were awful, sometimes—awful, I assure you."

"You mean," said Ethel, "that he would not endure your cowardly threats, or your insulting propositions respecting myself. If this is all you have to say, I wish you good-day, Mr. Byles."

"There now, see how soon you take offense?" he cried, piteously. "I want to say that the young man, Ralph Hatherleigh, as they call him—"

"You will have the goodness to call him Mr. Hatherleigh to me," said Ethel.

Byles writhed at this, and his narrow eyes shot forth an ugly fire, yet he dared not utter a word of expostulation.

"Well, Mr. Hatherleigh, if you will. You see, I want to warn you that he'll be a perfect beggar by-and-by, and you'd better not ruin yourself by trying to befriend him any longer."

Here the indignant color on Ethel's face, and the flash in her eyes, alarmed Byles into continuing his speech in a hurry.

"Yes; the fact is, I happen to know that Mr. Spence has left all he possesses to his daughter and her issue. The will was made more than twenty years ago, you see, and he can't alter it now, luckily for you, Miss Dalton."

"What do you mean?" asked Ethel, quickly.

"I mean that you are his daughter's child," returned Byles, with his usual giggle when delighted, "not this young Hartrow; and so, when your mother dies, he'll have nothing in the world, for all Mr. Spence's savings will come to you."

"Can this be true?" said Ethel, as her face grew very pale.

"Oh, it's true enough," answered Ephraim; "true and satisfactory, I hope. And as I know all the ins and outs of the business, I can be of great use to you by-and-by, in getting in the book debts, and all that. Our old man has been very careless of late years."

Ethel could not reply. Horror of the reptile speaking to her, and an agony of sorrow for Ralph's position and her own, held her silent.

"You see," continued Byles, "it is a bad job for the young man, and it's no good your holding on to a beggar. You'll have a large fortune from Mr. Spence. I'll tell you all about it, and how much it is, whenever you like to hear the details."

"I will hear nothing," said Ethel, in intense indignation. "How can you dare suppose I would ever make a claim on Mr. Spence's property? It belongs to his grandson."

"Now look here," returned Byles; "business

is business. Mr. Spence has got no grandson, and you can't think that at his death I'm going to lay myself open to an action for defrauding his lawful heirs by giving up the books, or anything that's under my care, to the young man Hartrow. No, I am not such a fool. I'll do my duty by you; I ain't going to help him to rob you. And I hope one day you'll understand who is your true friend, and then perhaps you won't despise me quite as much as you do now. Meanwhile, I give you good advice. Don't take any notice of that codicil to the will; it can be set aside; and you are safe to have Hatherleigh and all the Spence property, too. There is no need for you to marry the son of a vagabond like Hartrow."

In walking on, for Ethel had been too much agitated to remain still as Byles poured forth his venom, she had unconsciously gone toward the pines, and now she leant against one of the trees, nearly fainting.

"No doubt it's rather overcoming to hear how rich you'll be," continued Byles, with satisfaction, "but you'll get over that. Perhaps you are surprised how I knew about the codicil, as it has been kept so close, but Mr. Spence told me. He's pretty sensible sometimes."

Swimming before Ethel's fainting eyes were the tall pines, the heath in its autumn glory, and the little cottage where she had first seen Ralph; and coming toward her was Ralph himself, and Milly with him, dainty as a little rose. They did not see her in the shadow of the firs. They came on, laughing and talking gayly together, forgetting, as the young do, the little sharp, secret sorrow each was hiding from the other. At sight of them, Ethel's heart gave a great throb, and the swift blood rushing to her face made her beauty wonderful; it brought back her courage, too, and she found voice and strength.

"I hope you will never dare address me again," she said, as her eyes flashed on the miserable, cringing Byles. "I refuse to discuss my family affairs with you. If you ever attempt to accost me again, I shall pass on without reply."

In haste to escape Ralph and Milly, she stepped further within the shadow of the pines, and Byles followed her, yellow with anger.

"Take care!" he cried, raising his voice. "I have been your friend hitherto; don't make me your enemy."

He spoke so loudly, that Ralph heard him, and turned his head and saw Ethel.

"There is Miss Dalton!" exclaimed Milly.

"And her lawyer," said Ralph, hurrying onward; but Milly stopped him and looked back again.

"She seems frightened," she said, suddenly.

This was true, for Byles had insolently seized her hand and held it fast in spite of her indignant anger; and, cruelly agitated as she was by the sight of Ralph and his cold avoidance of her, she was unable to retain her self-possession. She burst into tears of terror and grief, and flushing into a thousand shames, she leant against a pine tree, weeping.

"I am your friend now," persisted the odious Ephraim, as his yellow fingers closed over her small palm with the delight of an ogre; "but if you make me your enemy I'll set the police on the trail of Lewis Hartrow."

These were the words that Ralph and Milly overheard as they hurried toward the belt of pines.

"What does he mean?" she whispered to Ralph.

Ralph set his teeth hard, and did not answer.

"Ethel, what is the matter?" cried Milly.

Then Byles turned, white with fear and surprise, and blinking his narrow eyes at them, he stuttered forth some lie about a snake on the heath that had frightened Miss Dalton.

"Don't believe him," said Ethel, as her voice and her lip shook. "He has terrified me himself by his insolence."

She looked down on his little reddened hand, just released from his hideous grasp, and could not restrain her tears. Ralph was very pale, but he did not lose his self-possession.

"I shall settle this account and all others with you one day," he said, quite quietly. "Meanwhile, Mr. Byles, you had better relieve us of your presence."

There was a dreadful hate in Ephraim's face as he sneaked away without daring to utter a word of expostulation. Then Ethel raised her eyes and tried to thank Ralph; but, as she met his changed, cold look, her terror, her sorrow, her love rushed upon her heart with an overwhelming force, and catching suddenly at Milly for support, she fainted, and fell at Ralph's feet.

CHAPTER XLIV.

It was but a moment's faintness from which Ethel suffered; she was awake again before Ralph returned with the cup of water which he had fetched from David Hartrow's cottage. But her face was still death-white when he came near, and stood and looked at her silently. Milly was frightened and pitiful.

"You have had a great deal to weary and excite you of late," she said, in a kind voice. Now, Ralph, you must take her home to Coryton. She is not well enough to go by herself. And then, with a pretty nod, Milly dashed through the pines, and down the hill toward Hatherleigh.

So Ralph and Ethel were here alone—here, beneath the shadows and the soft rushing music of the pines, where he had first dreamed of his love—where he had first seen the vision of her face, and heard the sweet tones of her voice. Now all this seemed to him like some pleasant dream, from which he had awaked in bitterness.

There is a sorrow which comes upon us with a solemnity like death—a sorrow at which we neither expostulate nor complain, nor utter a reproach against the bringer of it. This was the sorrow which Ralph felt as he offered his arm silently to the pale, trembling girl, who, as

if she were guilty, dared not lift her eyes to his stern face. Silently they went across the heath, and silently down the steep hill to the gates of Coryton Park. Yet, though there was no speech, the hearts of both were stirred to their inmost depths. Ralph was thinking of the Ethel of his dreams, the angel of his first faith, who seemed to him too beautiful and good for the coarseness of daily life; and as he felt the light touch of her trembling hand upon his arm, he needed all his firmness to remind him his idol was of clay—she was covetous and worldly, she had stolen into the heart of a weak, proud woman, treacherously to despoil him. And if she had not quite succeeded, he owed it to no remorse of hers, but to the last kindness of a dying man. As for Ethel, she was striving with every heart-beat to find courage to speak, but none came to her; and as she counted the shortening distance, she grew paler and paler with the agony of the struggle in her soul. It was Ralph who first dropped a few faltering words from his lips.

"I believe, although we have met, I have not had an opportunity of speaking to you since the night I saw you on the heath," he said, stiffly; "and I have wished to ask if the person in whom you were interested is safe."

Ethel had said truly that she was the Hartrow, and upon her rested all the shame and pain connected with the Hartrow name. As she noted now the inflection of Ralph's voice, the pity in it which was half scorn, and the loathing which he could not hide, she grew crimson with painful shame.

"I believe he is safe," she answered falteringly.

"I am sorry that detestable Byles should venture to molest you," said Ralph, after a long silence. "It is a pity you should ever have trusted him."

"I never did," interposed Ethel, with a quick breath. "He thrust himself on Lewis Hartrow's confidence, and I was obliged then to bear with him."

"Yes, I perceive your position was a difficult one," returned Ralph, slowly. "Believe me, I am sorry for your misfortune, Miss Dalton. It must be terrible to shudder at the presence of a father, who ought to command respect and love."

And this was all his pity! And the poor outcast was his father, not hers! Ethel bowed her head in sorrow at the thought, and her lip shook as she spoke.

"I am not ashamed of Lewis Hartrow," she said. "There is not one thought of shame in my heart connected with him or his. I count the name of Hartrow as good as Hatherleigh, and perhaps I love it and esteem it more."

Ralph smiled pitifully. "How proud she is!" he thought. "Well, I did wrong to mention such a father to her." Then there came a long silence again, which Ethel's voice broke timidly.

"Perhaps you do not know," she said, "that Lewis Hartrow lays many of his sins upon the Hatherleighs. He complains of an unequal warfare long waged by your family against his; he complains of a neglected, untaught childhood, a youth made bitter by persecution and long years of unmerited suffering for a crime he never committed."

"Indeed!" answered Ralph. "But they all say they are innocent. I fear it is a common trick with men who have outraged the law. At the same time I am sorry to deprive you of any comfort you may derive in thinking him guiltless."

"Not guiltless," said Ethel, with a patient sigh. "I know he was a poacher."

"I have heard he was a desperate and incorrigible poacher," continued Ralph, "but I cannot say whether the feud which he pretends existed between the Hatherleighs and the Hartrows drove him to that sort of life."

The trembling of the small hand on his arm made him look down on Ethel's face, and then he saw she could scarce restrain her tears.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dalton," he said, quickly, "I fear my words have distressed you. The fact is, I find it impossible to connect you in my thoughts with the Hartrows, and this leads me to speak openly, in forgetfulness that I am causing you pain."

"In future try always to connect me with the Hartrows," she answered, lifting her soft eyes for a moment to his face; "try to remember that in heart and soul I am a Hartrow, and whatever pain, whatever shame there may be in the name, I have borne it, and am willing still to bear it."

He was touched; one of the chains of pride and distrust holding his heart back from her broke, and his voice faltered when he spoke again.

"I earnestly hope, for your sake, the poor man is safe," he said. "I assure you I shall be glad to hear it; for when I was lost upon the Tors he really saved my life."

It was the first time he had spoken kindly of Lewis Hartrow, and Ethel's face flushed for joy.

"Then I will tell you when I hear he has left England," she said.

"I hope you have not trusted Ephraim Byles," continued Ralph. "If so, depend on it you will be betrayed."

"I have not trusted him," she replied. "It is Lord Brimblecombe who has most kindly helped me."

The mention of the man he thought his rival brought back to Ralph some of the old constraint, and his voice and manner grew cold again.

"Doubtless," said he, with an abrupt laugh, "Lord Brimblecombe was very glad to be of assistance to you."

"He has been my friend a long while," said Ethel, innocently.

She never saw that Ralph was jealous, she fancied her love was too evident for that. In her own consciousness of its faithfulness she imagined he knew it, too, and she thought shrinkingly that every word and look of hers were betraying the secret of her heart. And

here was the great gate leading into the garden—the gate at which they had stopped on the day of their first walk. And was this to be their last?—were they never to speak again? And she had not uttered one word of all she wished to say. Ralph dropped her hand from his arm, and stood a moment irresolute; then he lifted his hat.

"Can I be of any further service to you, Miss Dalton? You know I have not the privilege of entering these gates, but if you do not feel well enough to go on alone—"

"I am quite well," gasped Ethel, with cheeks of snow.

He should have said good-by; then, but something rose in his throat, stopping speech, and, bowing to her silently, he turned away. He was going!—and now, from her very despair, she gathered courage.

"Mr. Hatherleigh," she said, "let me speak to you. Oh, do let me speak to you!"

How quickly he came back!

"What do you wish to say?" he cried, eagerly.

"I wish to say how grieved I am for your position and my own. I wish to assure you that it is not my fault. Oh, believe me, it is not indeed!"

"I am glad to hear you say so," he rejoined, with much agitation. "I wish I could give full credence to your words—but I cannot; no man could."

He took a step or two to leave her, then came back.

"Do you wish to assure me," he continued, "that you never made any attempt to win Mrs. Hatherleigh's favor, but that she has forced this unjust will from her husband merely to gratify her hatred against my mother and myself?"

"I dare not say that," answered Ethel, "because it would be untrue; but I do say that I never tried to make Mrs. Hatherleigh like me. She disliked me for a long while."

Ralph smiled incredulously at this.

"Unfortunately," he said, "her present prejudice in your favor tells a different tale, and it robs me of more than inheritance; it has taken trust and love and happiness from my life."

He spoke, slowly, with sad eyes fixed upon her in a steady look.

"Not through me," she cried. "Oh, do not say so! I am going to leave England soon with Mr. Dalton. I will never take your place at Hatherleigh—believe me, I will not."

If earnestness and tears, and a voice broken with emotion, were tests of truth, then she felt and spoke truly now. And yet Ralph, blinded by the Hatherleigh pride in him, and by his selfishness, and the bitterness long fostered in his spirit, answered her coldly.

"I never anticipated your doing so, Miss Dalton. I think my grandfather never meant you should. It was not his wish to do his heir such cruel injustice."

This allusion to Mr. Hatherleigh's will brought a vivid flush to the pale, patient face, upon which his eyes rested in the anger of jealousy and mistrust. She bore all his words meekly. The thought that she was robbing him—robbing him even of his mother's inheritance, and thrusting him from his proper place to fling him penniless on the world, pierced her to the very heart, and staid all remonstrance on her faltering tongue. Byles's voice was still ringing in her ears—Byles's hard, cruel voice—gloating over Ralph's poverty, and counting in triumph the spoils the law would give her. It was this last blow which had made her take a strange resolve; it was the horror of feeling it was always her hand that struck at Ralph which gave her now the unnatural courage, born of a desperate sorrow—a sorrow past remedy.

"Mr. Hatherleigh had a hard task to fulfill," she said, very faintly, "and he thought you loved me a little"—here came a burning blush, chased by a deathly paleness—"so he hoped to bring us happiness in what he did."

Her words were so low and faint that Ralph scarcely heard them. What it cost her to speak them he never knew, his own agitation was too great.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you," he returned. "You are rescinding the decision which you told me was unalterable; but your motive, Miss Dalton, is too palpable for me to derive pleasure from your words. If you did not love me then, why should you care for me now?—and what would you think of me if I offered you my love again under these altered circumstances? Would no suspicion arise in your mind that I was trying to win back Hatherleigh through you?"

"No, no!" cried Ethel. "You would be winning your own; it is justly yours. Oh, all this wrong is terrible!"

"Terrible indeed!" he said. "But I will not make it worse by any meanness on my part. Miss Dalton, if my love for you were ten times greater than it is—and I do love you still, in spite of all—I would never take a wife to gain an inheritance justly my own. I owe it to my mother not to pander to Mrs. Hatherleigh's hatred of her. I owe it to my father not to insult him by accepting, through you, that home of my ancestors which ought to descend to me through him alone. To take it from you would be to deny his right to give it to me. Farewell, Miss Dalton; let us at least part friends."

"We cannot part like this," she cried, hurriedly. "Ralph, I entreat you to have mercy on yourself. I care not what you think of me. I will say it all out now. Make me your wife, and I will go away with my father. I will never trouble you—I will never ask you to see me again."

In her agitation she had omitted to say, "Do this, that you may have Hatherleigh," and he could not guess that her still greater fear of robbing him through Mr. Spence's will was forcing these desperate words from her lips; so the very way in which she expressed her entreaty seemed to him to show, not love, but avarice. She was willing never to see him again, so that she had Hatherleigh.

"I am sorry you pain yourself and me unnecessarily," he said, growing pale as herself,

"You ask an impossibility. When I marry, I will not part with my wife. Miss Dalton, marry the man you love. Do not fling away your own esteem for the sake of riches, to which you have no just right."

The color came and went upon her face, words she would have spoken trembled unuttered on her lips, all the innocent maiden shame filling her heart rose up to withstand her, and yet, for his sake she broke through all, and held out her hand to him again.

"It is because I have no right to this wealth that I entreat you to relieve me from the burden of feeling that I have robbed you," she said. "Listen to me, for your mother's sake if not for your own. Under the English law all my rights will be yours if we marry. I am your wife if you will take me."

There was her hand—the rose-leaf hand which had seemed to him once as wondrous and unattainable as a gem beneath the sea, and now it was out-tretched for his clasp and he would not touch it.

"Not for money," he said, drawing back; "not for Hatherleigh nor a thousand Hatherleighs would I do myself and you this wrong. Miss Dalton, you force me to speak bitter truths. I do not esteem you as I did. I count my love now a weakness, of which I am ashamed."

Her little hand dropped down by her side, and then she covered her eyes with it, and turned away. His pride half relented at the sight, and he cried, hurriedly, "This is harder to me than you think, but I should despise myself if I took Hatherleigh as a gift from you. I cannot accept the inheritance of my father from any hand but my father's. And as for my mother, it is for her sake that I dare not renounce my just claims, lest the world should say that Mrs. Hatherleigh did right to disinherit her son. Can you understand me, Miss Dalton? Can you enter into my feelings?"

"Yes," answered Ethel, very gently, "I understand too well."

"I wish I could think of you as I once did," continued Ralph, as his lips quivered; "but the past is gone for ever, and broken trust cannot be restored. I feel you are generous in offering me your hand to repair the wrong Mrs. Hatherleigh intends; but marriage should be a union, not a reparation."

How could she say to him, "I love you. Take me for love's sake, not for the sake of these lands you think I covet"? This was the one thing she could not say, in the face of that confession of his, that he had ceased to think of her as he used to do. To her ears these words sounded like the knell of love; she could not divine the spring of them was jealousy. She did not lift her eyes from the ground as she spoke to him again, and her voice was so low and broken that he scarcely heard it:

"I do not blame your pride," she said; "you are acting according to your ideas of honor; only, if I were in your place, I should not be too proud to take my inheritance from you."

Even this did not break down the crust of caste and custom lying so hard upon his heart.

"It is not for a man to take his fortune and honor from a woman," he replied; "and it is still less fitting that a Hatherleigh should accept his own house and lands from a Hartrow."

At this she raised her eyes to his; and though, with that momentary look, the blood rushed to her heart, and left her colorless, yet her voice was silvery, clear, and steady again.

"Do not say so," she pleaded; "or, having said so, forget it now for ever. Remember only that the name of Hartrow is dear to me; and, if ever any thought of contempt for it should vex you, recall to mind that I have stood by it through all its shame and sorrow, and I love and honor it more than the name of Hatherleigh."

She put her trembling hand upon the gate, but had not strength in her agitation to uncloset it. Then Ralph opened it for her, and, as she passed through, being stung by her last speech, and her apparent contempt for that ancient name on which he prided himself, he said, in a constrained tone, "I admire your courage and the devotion you have shown toward an unworthy father; but I doubt, Miss Dalton, whether the love and honor you speak of are more than shadows. You do not call yourself Hartrow to the world."

Ethel flushed painfully.

"Would you grieve Captain Hatherleigh by calling yourself by another name?" she said.

"No, certainly not!" he cried.

"Neither will I ever so grieve Mr. Dalton," she said.

"The cases are not similar," he answered, still nettled by what he deemed her pride in that wretched parentage of hers.

His coldness, his hardness wounded the generous heart that loved him so well, but she was too gentle to speak a word in anger.

"The cases are similar in this—that Mr. Dalton loves me, as Captain Hatherleigh loves you. I hope we shall never grieve them. Farewell, Mr. Hatherleigh."

With this the gate swung to, and the great iron barrier stood between them. Then Ralph was sorry.

"Ethel!" he said, softly. But there was no answer, and after a moment or two of remorse and indecision, he went down the park, and meeting Lord Brimblecombe coming up with a radiant, happy face, he turned off the path to avoid him, and told his aching heart he had done well.

CHAPTER XLV.

AMONG the letters on Captain Hatherleigh's breakfast-table, was a queer square-looking missive, directed in a trembling hand.

Captain Hatherleigh took up the queer-looking letter, and turned it over once or twice before he opened it and read this:

SIR—I want to see you before I die, having something of vital importance to divulge to you. I am in the hands of the police. But I

was not taken without a fight, and I am wounded, and dying in the hospital at ——— Prison.

Your humble servant,

"LEWIS HARTROW."

Inclosed with this was a letter from the surgeon of the prison, advising Captain Hatherleigh to comply with the man's request, as he certainly had some communication to make, which appeared to be of consequence. He added, that if he wished to be in time he must start instantly, as the prisoner's state was very dangerous. The letter had been written for him by one of the nurses, else perhaps he might have communicated more in it; but he was evidently resolved to trust his secret to no one but the captain himself.

This letter determined Captain Hatherleigh to go. When he alighted safely at his journey's end he tried to cast off the heavy depression, the chill foreboding, which had followed him through the day into the night; but it never hung so coldly about him as when he turned into the hospital of the great prison to which his cab had brought him, and, showing his credentials, asked to see a prisoner named Lewis Hartrow.

It was the second evening since her husband's hurried journey, and Lina sat at her old place at the window, watching the swirl of the autumn leaves, as the wind swept them in little eddies across the beds of fading flowers. The sound of furious galloping struck her ear suddenly with a start of fear, and she saw one of the Hatherleigh grooms dash up to the door, leave a letter, and depart as quickly as he came.

"What is it?" she cried in terror to the servant. "Open it. I cannot."

It was a telegram which had been sent to Hatherleigh. A frightful accident had occurred to the midday mail train from London. Many were killed, many wounded. The sufferers lay at a little village near Bristol. Captain Hatherleigh was among them; he prayed his wife and Ralph to come to him at once. With the telegram were inclosed a few lines from Mrs. Hatherleigh, saying the people around her son, finding letters on him addressed to Hatherleigh, had forwarded his message to her, with another, meant expressly for herself. She was about to start by the train which left at six; she hoped Lina and Ralph would do the same.

But Ralph was gone on a three days' trip into Cornwall with a college friend, who had surprised him with a visit that morning, and the unhappy Lina could only telegraph the terrible news to him at the town where she supposed he was, and entreat him to follow her to the village named the instant he received it. But it did not reach him that night, and the sun was setting on the next day before Ralph reached the house of death.

He was not too late. This was all he heard, as the door was opened for him, and he came forward with hushed step to the bedside of the dying man. Dimly he perceived other figures in the room, but he saw only the white face, and the kind eyes looking on him mournfully, yet with a momentary kindling of joy.

"Father—my dear father!" was all he could say, brokenly.

"Comfort your mother, my dear boy, when I am gone," said Captain Hatherleigh.

Then Ralph saw Lina, bending down by the bed, clasping her husband's hand, with her lips pressed upon it. Her face was like snow, and her eyes were haggard with weeping; she did not utter a word. On the other side of the bed stood Mrs. Hatherleigh, supporting her son; and kneeling by Lina, with her arm around her, was Ethel. Ralph looked at her sweet, meek face a moment, with that supreme, mournful calm which springs from deep excitement; then he turned his eyes again on his father.

"Ralph," he said, and held out his disengaged hand to him. Then, as Ralph took it with tears, he heard Ethel's name breathed very low, and Lina, moving aside, rendered her place to her, and he saw his father take her hand also, and in an instant he felt it placed in his.

"My poor boy, here is your wife," said Captain Hatherleigh. "May God bless you both! Let me see you united before I die."

There was no time for argument, no time for question nor for answer. Mrs. Hatherleigh, weeping, went to the door, and beckoned two silent figures within. Lina, with an eager, haggard look upon her snow-white face, as covetous of her husband's last words and looks, took her place again, and leant her lips again upon his hand. Then Ralph found himself standing up with Ethel's trembling fingers clasped in his, and the books were opened, and the words spoken which made them man and wife.

When it was over it seemed a dream; but the dying man kissed them both, and smiled and fell asleep.

"He forgave me," said Lina, looking wildly in her son's face. Then her lips slowly faded into whiteness, and sorrow in very mercy took away her sense.

CHAPTER XLVI.

In the midst of the grief that overwhelmed him, Ralph felt the perplexity and anger of a distrustful lover, and the bewilderment of a man who finds himself suddenly surrounded by a combination of circumstances so eventful, that mingled emotions take possession of his mind, and the power of decision is destroyed. At first the anguish of his loss absorbed all thought, but he was young, and love is dear; thus, when he had carried Lina to another room, he returned swiftly, and gazed around with anxious look for the wife just given to him so strangely. But she was gone, and there remained only in the chamber those whose services were needed. He left it silently, bending his steps he knew not whither. He was not weeping—he was too stunned for tears—but his whole frame shivered as he walked into a

vacant room and flung himself into a chair, and then, hiding his face in his hands, he gave way for a moment to the grief that mastered him. In another instant the sound of a soft step roused him, and he started up as Ethel entered, pale and in tears. The emotion by which he was overcome rendered speech on his part impossible; he only gazed at her in the very bewilderment of grief, waiting for a word from her.

"Read this when I am gone," she said, with faltering lips; and putting a note into his passive hand, she left as silently as she had come.

"Gone!" he repeated, and waking from the stupor of his sorrow, he sprang to the door she had closed, and opened it. But almost at the same instant he started back, for Lord Brimblecombe was descending the stairs; and the sight of him sent Ralph's purpose back into his heart.

"I will wait till he is gone," he said; and, walking to the window, he stood there leaning his hand upon the sill, and looking out with that blank gaze which a great sorrow brings into the eyes.

A carriage stood at the door of the inn, and up and down the village street there lounged an idler or two, looking on. A lady sat in the carriage, whom Ralph recognized as Lady Coryton, and in a moment, as the blood rushed to his heart, he saw Ethel emerge from the house, leaning on Lord Brimblecombe's arm. He lifted her into the carriage, then sprang in himself, and it dashed off at a rapid pace. Then Ralph staggered back to his seat, with all the love in him turned to gall, and in bitter anger he tore open Ethel's letter, and read it.

"I feel," she said, "that I have been forced on you against your will; therefore I write to say that I claim nothing at your hands, not even a kind thought, since you have yourself told me that your love is gone. I know you were surprised into making me your wife by the dying request of one dear to us both. Had it been possible at such a moment to refuse or to reflect, doubtless you would have done both. And perhaps you wonder that I, who had time for deliberation, could consent to such a marriage. If ever the day should come when I can explain all my reasons, I trust I shall not fall any lower in your esteem than I am now. Meanwhile I am glad that, in giving you my hand, I am able somewhat to repair the wrong done you, and to renounce in your favor all the benefits which Mrs. Hatherleigh is anxious to confer on me. Henceforth you are the grandson of her heart and her house. For myself, not having your love, I ask and desire nothing except your permission to remain with my father, Mr. Dalton."

"To-day I am going to London to fulfill a duty, which my heart will never permit me to delegate to other hands. Lewis Hartrow is sick and in prison. I go to his aid—more willingly, more gladly now than ever."

"Any letter addressed to me at Lady Coryton's will reach me. Forgive me that at this sad time I have been obliged to write to you of myself."

ETHEL HATHERLEIGH.

Ralph sent no reply to her letter; his heart was too sore and angry. He waited till the sad duty now on his hands should be fulfilled. He would take his mother home, and bury his father, before he would again give a thought to himself. He refused all Mrs. Hatherleigh's overtures of kindness; he insisted on his own and his mother's right to order all things according to their own wishes. Mrs. Hatherleigh's desire to take her son to the Hall, and thence to bury him with all honor and pomp, was instantly and passionately rejected both by Lina and himself.

"No," he said; "my father lived with us; for our sakes he was made a stranger in his home, an alien to his family. He was with us living, he shall be with us dead; and we will bury him. We want neither lord nor lady, nor squire nor dame at his funeral. We have lived without these people, we can bury our dead without them."

His bitterness in him was increased tenfold by the death of his father and the sore misery of his love.

It was the greatest blow that had fallen on Hatherleigh for many years. All the countryside was full of the sad news; all the roads were full of silent gazers when the sombre cortege passed which brought Captain Hatherleigh home to sleep with his fathers.

"An honest, frank gentleman," the people said, "who had done his duty all his life for duty's sake; and who would have lived more among them, if the family pride had not made home bitter to him."

After this, some great people left their cards at Mr. Spence's door, with inquiries for him and his daughter. But Lina was down upon her face in darkness and anguish of spirit, and the worldly circumstance and pomp which would once have rejoiced her small, fluttering heart, were past her thought now. The day was come for her when "trouble was a heap," a pile of ruin, a desolation of darkness. And the kindness of the rich, brought to her door too late, was no more to her than their cast-off clothes, or the crumbs swept from under their table.

"A little kindness at the first," she moaned, "would have saved me. Now my sin has murdered a kind heart, and I would as soon bow my head to stones flung from their hand as to these dismal civilities sent too late."

Even Mrs. Hatherleigh she would not see, and the fair, proud face flushed in its haggard grief when Lina's penciled note was brought to her, saying:

"I care for nothing now. You should have come to me when I was a bride. You can do me no good now I am a widow. Your voice will not comfort me, your friendship will not help me. I am past minding either friendship or enmity. I have neither father, husband, nor child. Justify yourself to the world, if you will, by proclaiming what I have done; but your con-

science must ask itself, at last, what is your own share in this sin and misery."

These desperate lines were wrung from Lina's sullen despair, but there was none the less a touch of bitter truth in them; and the proud woman, who had deemed herself all her life righteous and merciful, questioned her own soul in anguish as she sat alone in her desolate home that night.

Events had not shaped themselves according to her will. If Lina's dream was broken, so was hers. She had thought to marry her granddaughter to the heir of Coryton; but this strange girl, in the romance of her generous heart, had preferred Ralph Hartrow; and whether this marriage would be for good or ill, none yet could say. At present it seemed the crowning wrong of all—the cruellest and the worst that Ethel could suffer.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW died in Switzerland recently.

M. KOSSUTH will not serve in the Hungarian Parliament.

DONALD DUNNIE, the Scotch athlete, sailed for home on the 8th.

ALDERMAN THOMAS DAKIN has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

PRESIDENT GRANT expects to spend a month in California next spring.

THE Archbishop of Quebec is much better, but not yet out of danger.

MADAME CATACAZY, wife of the Russian Minister, is in danger of death at Montreal.

BRET HARTE has declined the Professorship of Literature in the University of California.

CHIEF-JUSTICE LAWRENCE, of Illinois, has had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him.

BOUCHET, the Yale colored freshman, passed a better examination than the 190 other candidates.

THE King of Saxony has instituted a new order—that of St. Henry—solely to honor the King of Prussia.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE is expected to visit St. Louis, Mich., soon, to try the virtues of the electric spring there.

WILLIAM H. VESKY, of the District of Columbia, has been appointed United States Consul at Nice, France.

MAYOR ELLYSON, of Richmond, Va., is traveling through the Northern States to examine their school systems.

DURING a recent visit to Boston, the Russian Minister, M. de Catcazy, was the guest of Mr. Longfellow and the Literary Club.

M. DE TWARDOWSKY, who had been Secretary to the Prussian Embassy in London for the last two years, received a rifle-shot at Sedan.

THE Prussian Minister of the Interior has arranged to have the list of losses in the army displayed publicly in all the cities of Germany.

AMONG the victims sacrificed at the battle of Mars-la-Tour was Dr. Hermann Pabst, one of the most promising historical writers of Germany.

THE Braun brothers, famous painters of battle scenes, travel with the Prussian army, for incidents to prepare paintings for the royal family.

BISHOP BAILEY, of Newark, N. J., has brought from Europe plans for the finest cathedral in America, which it is proposed to build in that city.

UNITED STATES ASSESSOR EVARTS, of Montana, was lost from an exploring party headed by General Washburne, and has not been heard of since.

THE friends of Attorney-General Ackerman are becoming very solicitous on account of the persistence of the illness which prostrated him recently.

MR. LUTHER GREENLEAF has presented to the Northwestern University, near Chicago, the magnificent library formerly owned by Dr. Schuize, of Berlin.

THE venerable William Lewis, one of the greatest chess-players and chess-authors, died in London a few weeks since, at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

UPWARD of three thousand invitations were issued to the elite of San Francisco recently, on the occasion of the grand ball in honor of Generals Sherman and Schofield.

QUEEN VICTORIA, who at first contributed £500 to the funds of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War, has now consented to become its patroness.

HERR FRANZ HAUSER, formerly the director of the Munich Conservatory, and a highly esteemed operatic singer, died recently. Mendelssohn dedicated the "Hebrides Overture" to him.

At the king's desire, negotiations have been commenced with Mme. Mailinger, with reference to her giving a round of performances every summer for the next three years, at Munich.

A DRAMA entitled "Clelia, la Perla del Trastevere," founded on Garibaldi's new novel, "Clelia," and written by Signor Alessandro Sabadina, has been published at Milan.

By the decease of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby in England in August last, Mr. Samuel Willoughby, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., is rightful heir of the ancient baronetcy of Willoughby d'Eresby.

THE average age of the thirteen men constituting the present Government of France is fifty-eight. The oldest of them is Gremieux, who is seventy-four; the youngest is Gambetta, aged thirty-two.

THE divorced wife of Hans von Beulow, and present spouse of the "composer of the future," Richard Wagner, is a daughter of Franz Liszt, and a sister-in-law of the former French Minister, Emile Olivier.

THE Princess Beatrice, daughter of Queen Victoria, now nearly sixteen years old, has never yet worn anything but short dresses, even upon the grand occasion of a "drawing-room" reception, when court trains are universal.

THE late Thomas Rippon, Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, once only, in a service of fifty years, ventured to ask for a fortnight's holiday. He left town, but after three days' unhappy ramble, he grew moping, and returned to die at his desk.

SEÑOR JUAN GODOY, the new Minister from Chile, comes to the United States in the double capacity of permanent Minister and as Special Envoy to the Congress of diplomatic representatives of Spain, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Chile, for the settlement at Washington of the war question of 1866, between Spain and the South American Republics.



FRANCE.—THE FIRE FROM MITRAILLEUSES AT STRASBOURG, PREVIOUS TO THE SURRENDER, ON A PARTY OF PRUSSIAN, NEAR THE "GATE OF THE FISHERMEN."



SCENE OF THE REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF JOHN JOURDAN, LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FROM HIS RESIDENCE, 198 PRINCE STREET, FOR CONVEYANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK.



MASSACHUSETTS.—SCENE OF THE STONING, AT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IN CANTON, OF MISS ETTA K. BARSTOW, BY HER PUPILS, ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8.

STONING TO DEATH A YOUNG TEACHER.

An outrage was recently perpetrated in the town of Canton, Massachusetts, which would disgrace the savages of the Plains. A young woman, a Miss Barstow, in feeble health, engaged as a teacher in a public school, was deliberately stoned to death by four boys, whom, on account of unruly conduct, she had been compelled to shut up in the school building.

She proceeded to the schoolroom last Saturday to let them out, and after a slight reprimand she started to return. She had gone but a few paces, however, when she was brutally set upon by the boys, who appear to be a parcel of young reprobates, with sticks and stones, receiving such severe injuries that death intervened in a few hours.

We give two illustrations of this lamentable occurrence—the attack upon Miss Barstow at the schoolhouse, amid the frightened children, several of whom had been kept in for misconduct; and her arrival at the house where she resided, too weak and helpless to sound for admittance, and her final fainting on the doorstep, where she was afterward found and carried into the house, where, surrounded by kind and sympathizing friends, who did everything in their power to render her last moments easy, she passed away into a better world than this.

We are told that three of the young miscreants have been sent to the reform school.

If the facts as to the assault are as represented, the young miscreants should be subjected to the severest punishment known to the law, and there can hardly be a doubt that Massachusetts justice will take that direction.

UNMASKING A BATTERY OF MITRAILLEUSES.

A short time before the capture of Strasbourg, the German forces engaged in the siege of that city attempted to cross the river near the Porte des Pecheurs, in order to storm some outworks in that direction, which it was important for them to capture, as they could be made a means of inflicting great damage on the garrison.

Very early in the morning, a detachment of Prussian landwehr embarked in a flotilla of flat-bottomed boats, and advanced up the Ill as noiselessly as it was possible for so large a body of men. Their approach, however, was discovered by a French sentinel in time to rouse the outposts, who unmasked a battery of mitrailleuses with terrible effect, preventing them from landing, and sinking and destroying nearly every boat, with its cargo of human beings. Advices from London report that ten thousand at least were killed or mutilated, but this is probably an exaggeration.

The first and most important effect of this repulse was to discourage further assaults, and

to confine the operations of the besiegers to simply starving out the garrison.

DEPARTURE OF BAVARIAN LAND-WEHR FROM MUNICH.

The scene represented in our engraving under this heading speaks for itself. Even in

the absence of the title, any one would know that it was a German, not a French scene that our artist has endeavored to depict. The absence of the least air of coquetry in the young women; the open-hearted, motherly embraces of the middle-aged; the grave stolidity of the faces and figures, and a certain air of pathetic self-restraint which hangs over the whole, are unmistakable. The steam of the engine is up.

Some of the young girls have finished their adieus, and are flinging flowers to their brothers or sweethearts. The last-born youngster is taking his final kiss; the old father and mother are giving a farewell blessing to their stalwart sons; and in another five minutes, or less than that, the train will have started with its living freight. How many of these citizen-soldiers will return at all? How many of those that do come back will be whole and sound?

THE LATE SUPERINTENDENT JOURDAN.

On Thursday, 13th inst., the remains of the late Superintendent of Police, John Jourdan, were removed from the residence of the family, 198 Prince street (see engraving), to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where a solemn requiem mass was performed in honor of his memory. The funeral was largely attended by citizens of all classes, and the body of the cathedral was crowded at an early hour by those who desired to testify by their presence their respect for the deceased. Indeed, so large was the assemblage of spectators within and without the building, that the police detailed for duty found it a difficult matter to keep the roadway sufficiently clear to permit the cortege a free passage to the church and thence en route to the cemetery. At Police Headquarters an oppressive stillness reigned, and the flag at half-mast, and the door draped with black, betrayed the mournful circumstances of death. Also in various parts of the city the usual drooping flags and crapes were displayed in the same way they are on all similar occasions. The popularity of the dead chief could not be better evidenced than by the universal feeling of respect and sorrow engendered by his sudden taking off "in the midst of life's unfinished plan." On the arrival of the procession at the doors of the church, the body was borne into the edifice and deposited on the catafalque, on either side of which and in front were twelve lighted tapers, and on the coffin were placed several floral wreaths and twelve floral crowns. The centre-plate bore the following inscription:

JOHN JOURDAN,
Died Oct. 10th, 1870.
Aged 42 years, 9 mos., 6 days.

The pall-bearers, who occupied seats on either side of the catafalque, were: Hon. Matthew T. Brennan, ex-Police Commissioner; Hon. A. Oakley Hall, Mayor; Captain Edward Walsh, Fourteenth Precinct, formerly an officer of the Sixth under deceased; Captain James J. Kelso, Detective Squad; Hon. Morgan Jones; James M. Sweeney, Esq.; John Graham, Esq.; Hon. Joseph Dowling; Hon. Thomas Coman; Hon. John J. Bradley; Hon. Edward Cuddy; Christopher O'Connor, Esq.; John Pyne, Esq.; and Mr. John Stacom. Upon the termination of the



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE RESIDENCE OF MISS BARSTOW, IN CANTON, ON THE STOOP OF WHICH SHE WAS FOUND IN A DYING CONDITION.

services, and the asperging of the catafalque by Archbishop McCloskey, the body was removed to the hearse; and as it passed through the city, was followed by a large body of police and citizens, till it reached the foot of East Thirty-fourth street, whence it was taken for interment to Calvary Cemetery, on Long Island.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

A LUMINOUS flame always contains solid matter heated to whiteness.

EVERY two thousand parts of air contain one part of carbonate of ammonia.

THE phenomenon of the diffusion of gases was first observed by Dobereiner in 1826.

THE voltaic pile or battery was discovered by M. Volta, of Pavia, Italy, about the year 1790.

THE height of the atmosphere is about forty-five miles, gradually decreasing in density as it rises from the earth level.

A GREAT discovery has been made in Bengal. Coal has been found at Midnapore while boring for water for the use of the jail.

THE abrading and transporting power of water increases in some proportion as the velocity increases, but decreases as the depth increases.

A NEW electric pile, of great strength and constancy, has been invented. It is a one-liquid pile, the solution being of neutral chromate of soda in water and sulphuric acid.

MOST people dry their umbrellas handle upward. This concentrates the moisture at the tip where it is close, rusts the wire which secures the stretchers, and rots the cloth. After the umbrella is drained, it is better to invert it, and dry it in that position.

RECENTLY lightning struck the powder magazine of Santo Spirito, at Venice, where six hundred thousand pounds of that material are stored. The conductor received the electric discharge, and its top was literally melted away, and the whole length twisted, but no further damage was done.

AN extensive deposit of shale has recently been discovered near Sydney, Australia. Works have been erected for its distillation, with every prospect of commercial success. As the shales are becoming nearly exterminated, the discovery of mineral oil in several parts of the globe may in a measure save their utter destruction.

A DOUBLE-ACTION bicycle or velocipede has recently been patented. It resembles the ordinary velocipede in nearly all respects, except that two seats are provided, and each of the wheels has foot-cranks, so that both riders can employ their propelling-power. One rider has first to set the machine in motion, the other then mounts it, and they start on their journey.

TO COMMUNICATE a fine black color to zinc castings, the following method should be employed: The surface is first cleaned with sand and weak sulphuric acid, after which it is placed for an instant in a mixture of four parts of ammonia-sulphate of copper in forty parts of water acidulated with one part of sulphuric acid. It is then washed and dried. The black coating adheres firmly, and takes a bronze color under the burnisher.

THE vapor of burning sulphur will bleach some, and change the color of other flowers. Take a hat-box, make a hole in the lid, and pass the flower-stalks of a bouquet through it, and there fasten it. Now put in a saucer a lump of brimstone about the size of a nut, set it burning, and place it at the bottom of the box, then shut the box down. The flowers will thus be discolored inside, and being exposed to the fumes of the sulphur, will quickly be changed.

FABER'S speaking-machine is attracting attention in Germany. It pronounces each letter distinctly, and even laughs and sings. German philologists have heretofore declared it to be impossible to imitate the letter I (as pronounced in German) by artificial means, but this machine speaks the word Mississippi very plainly. During a performance at Berlin, a slip of paper, containing the words, "Long live King William of Prussia," was handed to Mr. Faber, and correctly pronounced by the machine, whereupon there was a great deal of applause.

A NEW gas-furnace, of great heating power, has been invented. It is suitable for various chemical experiments and analysis. When the furnace is thoroughly hot, an ingot of cast-iron weighing two pounds can be melted in it in forty minutes, and an ingot of five pounds in two and a half hours. Silver, gold, and copper can be fused in larger quantities in less time. The furnace is small and portable, easily put together and taken asunder; no blowing is necessary. It acts without smoke, dust, or noise. Its heating power is sufficient to raise a four and half inch clay crucible filled with metal to a white heat.

THE smallest, cheapest, and most effectual battery is the one recommended by Dr. Golding Bird, of England. Procure the bowls of six tobacco pipes, and stop up the holes left by breaking off the stems with sealing wax; next get six small tumblers of about an inch in height, such as children use for toys; place in each a cylinder of amalgamated zinc, put a pipe bowl in each cylinder, and in each pipe bowl a thin slip of platinum foil, one inch and a quarter long and half an inch wide, connected at the zinc cylinder by a platinum wire; fill the pipe bowls with nitric acid, the tumblers with dilute sulphuric acid, and an energetic current will be evolved, capable of decomposing water, igniting wire, charcoal points, etc.

THE British Government has refused to aid in the observation of the eclipse in December, and will not allow one of its ships to convey observers to Spain and Sicily, thereby justifying Matthew Arnold's belief in British Philistinism, and Napoleon's assertion that "the English are a nation of shopkeepers," and not very acute shopkeepers at that. The contrast afforded by the action of our own Government in the matter is quite brilliant and creditable to all parties concerned. The United States will send three corps of observation, one to Malaga, one to Sicily, and the other to some favorable place in Turkey. Before the outbreak of the war in Europe it had been determined that Rear-Admiral Gilson should aid the corps at Sicily, but now he moves his squadron to the Baltic to protect American commerce.

ENGLISH-GERMAN.—An English lady resident at Coblenz, one day wishing to order of her German servant (who did not understand English) a boiled fowl for dinner, Grettel was summoned, and the experiment began. It was one of the lady's fancies that the less her words resembled her native tongue the more they must be like German. So her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a *checkin*, or *keeking*. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head. "It's to cook," said the mistress. "To cook, to put in an iron thing, in a pit—pat—pot." "Ish understand nishit," said the maid in her Coblenz *patol*. "It's a thing to eat," said her mistress, "for dinner—for dinner—with sauce, soose—sowose. What an earth am I to do?" exclaimed the lady in despair, but still making another attempt. "It's a little creature—a bird—a bird—a bearded—hen—a bone—a fowl—a fool; it's all covered with feathers—fathers—feeders?" "Ha, ha," cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, "Ja, ja! fadders—ja, woh!" and away went Grettel, and in half an hour returned triumphantly, with a bundle of stationer's quills.

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—Mr. James H. Lambert has, during the past week, become the owner and editor-in-chief of the New York Daily Democrat, having purchased the entire concern of Messrs. Pomeroy & Tucker. Mr. Pomeroy will continue the publication of his Weekly as usual. M. C. P. Sykes, the able publisher and business manager, will retain his old place on the Democrat under the new regime, thus assuring a liberal, sound, and trustworthy management of the business affairs of the paper, which will remain vigorously Democratic in its politics. We welcome the new editor and proprietor cordially to his new and wide field of responsibility and usefulness. Mr. Lambert, although a young man, has had considerable experience in editing and writing for the Press, and will no doubt make a lively and readable journal.

BOOSEY & Co., of London, already so famous for their publication of popular and classical music, have also earned a reputation for the manufacture of musical instruments which places them at the head of their special trade. They have lately received from Mr. Adkins, the accomplished leader of Colt's Army Band, a letter speaking in the highest terms of a set of Distin Instruments, received some six months ago. Mr. Adkins bears testimony to the purity and singing quality of their tones, their great resonant power, as well as their elegant and thorough workmanship. He says they are models of shape, strength and durability. The members of the band also praise them for their easiness, and add that they feel infinitely less fatigue with them than other instruments. Mr. Brown, of No. 4 Bond Street, near Broadway, New York, represents the firm of Boosey & Co. in America.

FRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS are producing very happy results in the cultivation of family taste, for pictures which were formerly confined to the wealthy are now placed within the reach of all. Few things do more to soften the manners than the contemplation of beautiful paintings, and the firm of Frang & Co., of Boston, well deserve the great reputation they enjoy by their praiseworthy efforts to reproduce, *in fac simile*, some of the greatest masterpieces in the divine art of painting. Their latest specimens in chromos, the "Maiden's Prayer," and the world famous "Portrait of Beethoven," are now ready, and should be purchased by all who have a taste for a beautiful picture.

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1866.....	864,917 67	200,710 61	664,206 96
1867.....	1,470,668 80	430,913 23	1,139,740 17
1868.....	2,300,767 17	843,166 64	1,457,600 63
1869.....	3,670,823 25	2,993,623 19	2,677,299 06

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January.....	\$413,104 41	June.....	\$729,274 46
February.....	394,176 47	July.....	734,099 64
March.....	488,332 91	August.....	806,040 00
April.....	633,758 06	September.....	633,412 50
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